

HUMILIATION CONTINUES

**AN EDUCATION IN PUNISHMENT
IN A FEMALE DOMINANT HOUSEHOLD**

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Humiliation Continues

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Chapter 1

James stood below the shower head, which was thankfully delivering a steady stream of hot water. It was yet to begin its inevitable cooling off, an irreversible process that offered only two choices: a very quick shower, or one that was ice-cold. James was alone with his thoughts, for which he was thankful, because he was angry, yet it was a curse, because those thoughts were nothing but a source of frustration.

What even starts an argument? he wondered. Kayla had basically become his roommate, and though most of the time it was perfect, there were times, like now, when it was not perfect. They had started arguing, and though James and Kayla would have had no trouble listing every reason why each of them regarded the other as exasperating, impossible, and just plain wrong, neither would have been able to name the single thing that had led to their most recent blow up.

Neither of them would have been able to detail the chain of events, from Kayla uncapping a black marker to write her name on James' body, to her laying the marker down on a side table, undecided if she might not want to write her name on his cock, ultimately deciding that she did not want black ink in her mouth or vagina, to the marker being accidentally knocked off of the table due to the two of them doing precisely what would have resulted in Kayla having black ink smeared in both her mouth and vagina, which was the cause of the marker ending up lying on the floor, bleeding into the carpet. The black stain, and the expense James would incur due to its existence, would end up factoring into more than one argument.

"Oh my God will you stop with the black marker!" Kayla had reason to exclaim more than once. "If you'd just get the fucking tattoo like I want, then it never would have happened in the first place!"

The argument was still happening at full volume in James' head, immune to the dampening effect of the water now pouring down over it, when the bathroom door flew open. He opened his eyes, wiping the beads of water from his face to see Kayla throw the shower curtain open. It seemed as though she had never really gotten used to the fact that a door and a curtain now separated her from openly viewing him while taking a shower, since their relationship essentially began with her having free and open access to observing him in this state.

"And anyway," she began, as though the argument had never stopped, and she saw no reason not to continue it even though James was now completely naked and backed into a corner. Rather, she seemed to prefer it that way.

"Your body belongs to me, so if I want to write on it, then that's exactly what I am going to do. You should be happy that I haven't decided to have you branded. Have you thought about that? You should be grateful that I haven't seared your ass with a red-hot branding to mark my property."

Their argument continued, and it led inexorably to James being marched out of the shower, dripping wet, to kneel on the floor beside the bed with his hands behind his head. Kayla used a riding crop up the back of his thighs until he apologized, profusely, begging for her forgiveness. When she relented, accepting his apology, she brought his face between her thighs. He kissed her, then slid her panties off and began to lick her pussy. After he had

brought her to orgasm, she pushed him back until he was lying on the floor and she straddled his face. She rode his tongue for a while before she had another orgasm, which did serve to take the edge off her annoyance with him for being ornery. After she climaxed, she took particular pleasure in James's tendency to continue kissing her softly on her labia. Eventually, she climbed off of him and knelt down to kiss him.

"I'll forgive you for now, but I'm going to need to see you being a bit more obedient going forward. And by a bit, I mean a lot."

"Yes, Kayla," James replied.

She slid her hand down and wrapped it around his erect cock.

"You know how much I love it when you're so hard and attentive, don't you, James?"

He nodded.

"That's why I'm going to keep you like this. For me."

Kayla got to her feet, and observed James lying on the floor, looking up at her in adoration.

She stood on one leg as she lifted her petite foot to his lips. He kissed her foot reverently.

"Good boy," Kayla said, then began to get dressed.

James was conflicted in his feelings about everything that had taken place over the previous year. There were so many things that had changed in his life that he sometimes felt unbalanced, or off-kilter. The loss of his parents had been emotionally devastating and had led to an upending of his life. It seemed that everything he had thought was stable had proved to be fallible in ways he hadn't imagined. He had been comfortable in his unremarkable existence, with only a vague sense of the unknown before him. He had plans to go to college, and study what, he did not know. But having his day-to-day life completely turned upside-down was not something he had foreseen. And the manner in which it had happened was beyond anything he might have anticipated.

He had a memory that would replay in his head with some regularity, that of Kayla's appearance around the corner of the basement "bedroom," an area of the Striker household where he was going to be living for the next however many months. He had no idea that this irresistible force was moments away from enacting a thorough transformation of everything he knew as his reality. He was instantly attracted to her. She had an aura, an energy that captivated him the moment she walked into the room. She had what appeared to James to be a supreme self-confidence, as though she had never even considered that she was not fully in control of any situation that she encountered. Certainly, she seemed comfortably in command of James.

He recalled her initial conversation with him, in which she seemed to view him as a newly installed servant in the home. She was not unkind, and she gave the impression of being friendly, but James clearly got the sense that she had assumed a position of authority over him before she had even met him. It made him nervous that first day. She sat down on the bed he had been afforded to sleep in as though it were hers. As though he was in no position other than that of being grateful for her kindness.

She had asked him what he wore to bed, a question that caught him off-guard. Her stated reasoning in asking had been that she might at any time be travelling through the room to access the pool in the backyard, and that included early morning, so if he had thrown the covers off during the night, she would see him in whatever he had worn to bed. She presented this as though it were a warning, though James couldn't help but suspect that she would actually prefer that he was in a compromising position, so that she might see him

sleeping naked. The thought actually made him feel nervous, for what reason he was unsure. There was something about Kayla that he had never encountered before. Something both alluring and sinister. Captivating and terrifying. It was entirely unique, and it would prove to be a problem for James, as his attraction to her was something like the flame of a candle to a moth.

A second memory that was rather seared into his brain was that of a day when he was doing work in the yard and Kayla called him over to make an assessment of the style of bikini she was wearing versus the one that her sister Dahlia was wearing. The difference between the two girls was remarkable from James's perspective. Kayla's body was slender and petite, while Dahlia had big round boobs, wide hips, and a big butt. This was part of what made him seriously wonder how the two of them were related, since they were so different from one another. He also realized that they were both really attractive in their own way. He had no trouble imagining a guy being really attracted to Dahlia. Though he had never thought twice about his preference for Kayla to the exclusion of any other girl, he recognized that Dahlia would be irresistible to any guy who preferred the shape of a curvy girl. There wasn't a straight line anywhere on her body. She had what James thought of as a really traditional, glamorous beauty. She looked to James like someone who might have been a pin-up girl in an old magazine.

Kayla was slim, petite, and she had a golden-brown skin color that was offset by her white, string bikini. The shape of her body allowed her to wear a swimsuit that was incredibly tiny. It was nothing more than three small triangles of fabric held in place by thin straps tied behind her neck, behind her back, and on each side of her slender hips. Each of the triangles across her breasts conformed to the conical shape of her perpetually erect nipples, and the triangle between her legs displayed an indentation that was intimately revealing and made clear that she was waxed smooth.

James stood before the two girls and attempted to make what observations he could without making obvious his overwhelming attraction to Kayla. He felt in the moment that the two sisters were toying with him, as though they could hear every thought in his head and were enjoying how difficult it was for him to remain cool and collected while observing them. The compulsion to attempt satisfying this arousal was undeniable. As soon as he was alone in the shower, he surrendered himself to it and began to stroke his cock in spite of the fact that he was completely exposed should anyone walk past the basement doorway. James had become accustomed to the lack of a door on the room, as well as the lack of a shower curtain, and its resultant lack of privacy.

The memory of turning to see Kayla standing there watching him, which played in slow motion in his mind, was a central image to his relationship with her. Turning, his body in three-quarters view, his erect cock in his hand, the water pulsing down across his naked body, and seeing Kayla staring at him, watching, formed a permanent vision in the back of his mind. In some ways he felt that he was forever caught in that moment. It happened in a second or two, but it seemed to take forever. Kayla's eyes slowly scanned downward, stopping to focus on what was happening between his legs, and he could see the recognition in her eyes as she realized what he was doing with his hand.

The feeling of being discovered was only a part of that moment for James. He was embarrassed, as he might have expected, since he had always had privacy when masturbating, but he was aroused as well, something he only realized later, when he

thought about Kayla standing there watching him. The thing that happened moments later, James had yet to really process. Kayla had immediately told on him, getting him in trouble with her mom. He was unsure what to think about this fact. It seemed a betrayal at the time, but it also set in motion everything that had happened later. He had been punished for his actions; a punishment more severe than anything he had ever experienced before. Helen Striker compelled him to lean across an old desk in the basement, stripped off the towel he had wrapped around him to cover his nakedness, and whipped his ass with a long, leather strap. He had never been whipped before, and this particular punishment was as painful as anything he had experienced. But the most shocking part of it was his awareness that Kayla and her sister were watching every moment of it, and they seemed to be enjoying it. He had never felt so humiliated, and the searing pain was matched only by the embarrassment of being punished naked in front of the two girls. And to put a fine point on it, Ms. Striker then made him apologize to Kayla. He offered the apology, then was left alone to think about what had happened.

It was a bit later, when he was lying face down on his bed, his clothes still off as Ms. Striker had commanded, that Kayla came downstairs and seemed to enjoy teasing him about what had happened. James was so confused by what he was feeling in this moment, because he was simultaneously furious with Kayla for what she had done, and incredibly aroused by how much control she seemed to have over him and his life. It wasn't just that she had an implied authority as a member of the household, it was also that James felt an attraction to her that seemed to outweigh any negative feeling he might have toward her. He ultimately had a newfound respect for her because she demanded it, and also because somehow, he thought she deserved it. She had impressed him by creating a situation where he would get his ass whipped as punishment, while still being desirable in a way he had never encountered. He wanted her, and he wanted to impress her, and she had just introduced him to the idea that it might just be impossible to impress her. He thought that there might be nothing outside of complete and total submission to her will that would be worthy of her attention.

* * *

It was during breakfast that Kayla mentioned something that made James come to attention.

"Dahlia is coming by this evening. She wants to see how I'm getting on living with our former houseboy."

Kayla watched James's reaction to this information while simultaneously spooning black raspberry jam onto a piece of toast. The corners of her mouth twitched, not quite smiling at how James seemed to sit up straighter. She knew he was afraid of her sister Dahlia, mostly because Kayla tended to be even more demanding when her sister was around. The two of them seemed to have a symbiosis that made them a greater force to be reckoned with than either of them alone. They fed off of each other, each encouraging the other to be more dominant and more demanding. It was a daunting prospect for James, who felt that Kayla, left to her own devices, was a formidable force of nature to begin with.

Kayla had so naturally become a part of his life, moving into his small attic apartment with its dormer windows, modestly sized bathroom and a kitchen that was little more than a

countertop and some appliances at one end of a single, open room. The bed was off to one side below one of the dormer windows, and it had become a place where James had come to know things about himself, primarily the extent to which he would willingly go to satisfy Kayla and her extensive appetite for James's submission and devotion. It would have been inconceivable to him a year previous that Kayla would be his first thought in the morning and last before he fell asleep.

After breakfast, James appeared lost in thought, which was intriguing to Kayla. She wondered if the imminent arrival of her sister had anything to do with it.

"Whatcha thinking?" she asked.

James smiled and rubbed his chin.

"OK, so here's a thought I was having," James mentioned cautiously.

"What's that?" Kayla encouraged him, sounding curious.

"Well, when I moved into your house, which I mention because I was just thinking about some of the things that took place while I was there—"

"What things?" Kayla interrupted.

"Um," James stammered. "Primarily getting punished with my pants down, with you watching, to tell the truth."

"Always tell the truth, James. And hooray, that's my favorite topic of conversation," she said as she drew up her feet underneath her on the sofa. "Tell me more."

"That's not exactly what I was on about, primarily because I imagine that you prefer it when it's not your mom giving the punishment."

"True. It never bothered me that it was my mom giving you your punishment, but I much prefer doing it myself. I think it's so much more of an intimate connection when I can feel the whip in my hand. I can feel the reverberation when I strike your body."

"My question is about what happened before I showed up at your house? Because to me, it just seemed like all that happened during that time just came out of nowhere. Like I was just living my life normally, and then suddenly I was thrust into this new existence where I was getting my butt whipped, um, a lot."

"A lot? That wasn't a lot. That was what, no more than once a week at first?"

"It was more than I was accustomed to."

"You needed to become accustomed to it. How else do you think you were going to be trained to be my servant, my favorite possession?"

James smiled.

"I don't know, but it has made me wonder what life was like in your house before I lived there."

Kayla had a curious, wistful smile on her face.

"Oh, you want to know about the before-times?"

"Is that what they're called?"

"No, I just made that up. But OK, I can answer your question. You may find this illuminating, but it also might just leave you with more questions. Before you came to our house, we were just kind of living a normal suburban life. One daughter had flown the coop, and two remained. I was younger then, of course. And then mom announced that we were going to have an exchange student come and live with us. Dahlia and I weren't sure what to think of this. We weren't really prepared to have another person come and live in our house. We didn't know what that might mean for us. Then we got the particulars.

"It was a boy who was coming to stay with us, and he was from Germany. We had this kind of hopeful mindset, 'hopeful' meaning will he be cute, will he be cool, will he do all of the housework. That kind of thing. Not to get off topic, but the year before that, we'd had another boy over to the house to do a lot of household chores, and we had gotten kind of used to that. But now this kid was going to be living in the house 24/7, which might turn out to be a bit much. We asked mom tons of questions, but she was pretty tight-lipped about it. She can be mysterious like that sometimes. We were on a need-to-know basis, and our protestations that we needed to know went unanswered. So, we waited.

"Now, the thing is, Dahlia should actually tell you the story. I wasn't around for a lot of it, and most of what I know I heard from her. But I can tell you some of it. When this kid finally shows up at our house, we meet him, and his name is Nikolaus, so we all called him Nick. At first. Turns out," Kayla said with a chuckle, "that was his middle name. His first name was actually Obrecht, and we totally made fun of him when we found that out. He was all like, *It's a traditional name!* But the thing was that, yeah, he was pretty cute. And he was kind of cool. But it was also made clear, to my great annoyance, that Dahlia wasn't going to let me anywhere near him. They were the same age, and she thought that I was too young, even though my last boyfriend had been a year older than Nick. Anyway, Dahlia kind of cornered him and shut me out. What's more, a lot of what happened occurred while I was away at summer camp. The exchange program went for a full year, so that the students could take advantage of summer programs or get a part-time job, or whatever. It was like a full-immersion thing for cultural, um, cross-pollination of ... and I'm losing you, aren't I?"

"My eyes kind of glazed over at some point there when you started giving me too much detail. So, what happened?"

"What happened is that I was never around when anything good happened. Which sucked. I only heard about it from Dahlia at the end when Nick flew back to Germany. She told me the craziest stories. I mean, you know. It was something like what happened when you came to stay with us. At first, everything is fine and normal. Nick got put to work doing pretty much everything, cleaning and doing stuff like that. Mom was working at this company where they were creating bills of lading for the exportation of goods through this shipping company that ... and I'm losing you aren't I?"

James laughed.

"I'm just not all that versed in the finer points of the export business. Please, do go on."

"I'll cut to the chase, which is that mom was not around a lot, and when she was, she was in a reasonably good mood. But then the inevitable happened. Again, I only heard about this later from Dahlia. At some point, Nick got taken to the woodshed, as they say. And then it didn't get any better for him after that, although that's not how Dahlia would put it.

According to her, it was really spectacularly enjoyable. But like I said, she should really tell you the story. Remind me to ask her when she comes over this evening."

James swallowed hard, remembering that Kayla had mentioned that her sister would be coming over. It made him nervous, a feeling that was best dealt with by cleaning the apartment, a task that occupied the next few hours, punctuated by a trip to the market down the street to pick up some supplies, mainly snacks and liquor. James walked back to his apartment along the narrow sidewalk, an armload of groceries on each side. The air was crisp, but the sun was still bright and warm. The day seemed so normal, yet he knew that the arrival of Dahlia would make it anything but. She was like a storm cloud looming,

offering the potential of thunder and lightning, a prospect that was, indeed, very frightening. This thought made James smile, in spite of the nervous feeling in his stomach. "What were you smiling about?" Kayla asked once he had deposited the bags of groceries on what they called the dining room table.

"Oh, you were watching me out the window, huh?" James asked, amused.

"I'm always watching you, James," Kayla replied, half-serious.

"I was just thinking about how I'm a bit nervous about your sister coming to visit," James admitted.

"And that made you smile to yourself like a weirdo?"

"Apparently. No, actually I was smiling because it reminded me that I don't care if your sister kind of terrifies me, because that means that I am with you. Or you are with me," James said.

Kayla laughed and hugged James.

"*You* are with *me*, for sure. And what, my sister terrifies you, but I don't? I'm offended."

"I mean no offense. It's just that while you may terrify me just as much, or more than she does, with you I have the option of kneeling before you and offering to serve you. This at least gives me the ability to lessen your potential, um, scariness. With her, I have no such option. Nor do I want it. But it remains that she's just scary."

Kayla laughed.

"Oh, don't worry, I'll protect you from the bad, scary girl."

"No, you won't!" James protested, laughing. "The two of you will gang up on me."

"Oh, boo-hoo," Kayla said, mockingly. She kissed James on the nose, then spanked him across the butt. "Put away the groceries, mister."

"Yes, Kayla," James replied. He began the task of putting away each of the items he had purchased, though the activity left his mind free to contemplate what might happen that evening. James focused on the fact that he should be as obedient as possible. That was always the correct choice when it came to Kayla and her sister.

Chapter 2

When the sky had darkened from pale orange to a dusty purple, James and Kayla heard footsteps on the stairway up to the apartment.

“Hi, Penis!” Dahlia exclaimed as she walked through the door.

“Really?” James protested; having thought she might have tired of using his humiliating nickname. “Are you still doing that?”

“Still doing what?” Dahlia asked, sounding sweet and innocent, though “sweet” and “innocent” were the last two words James might use to describe her.

Dahlia threw her arms around Kayla, and they hugged like two sisters who have an unshakeable bond.

“And how are we doing?” Dahlia asked her sister.

“We are freaking awesome,” Kayla replied. “How was the drive?”

Dahlia rolled her eyes.

“There was this guy on the road whose dick had been shoved so far into his ear canal that his brain had stopped working and I need a drink after that, so ...”

“Right this way,” Kayla said, even though the kitchen and its cabinet of alcohol were only five steps from the front door.

“Cute place,” Dahlia mentioned. “I mean cute in the way you might describe a mouse, or something else that’s really tiny. I’m trying to say this place is really small.”

“Thank you, Dahlia,” James replied good-naturedly.

James couldn’t help noticing that the differences between Kayla and her sister, Dahlia, were becoming more and more apparent. They never really looked like sisters, but the differences in their appearance was more comprehensive than that, since they did not look like they had the same father. James thought of asking Kayla, but he was unsure of how to put the question to her.

Kayla opened the cabinet in which James stored the liquor, then took a step back.

“Um, James ...” she began.

“Yes, Kayla, I’ve got it,” James replied to her unasked question.

He began making the drinks while Kayla invited her sister to take a seat on the opposite side of the room.

“Ah, the dining room,” Dahlia observed as she took a seat at the table.

“OK, we get it, the apartment is small,” Kayla protested. “We’ll be sure to get a much larger place right away. You should be grateful that James went out to get another chair for you this afternoon, since we only had two.”

“He got a chair for himself, my darling sister,” Dahlia said. “You and I would have been sitting regardless.”

“While that may be true, James is very well-behaved for a boy, and does everything I ask of him.”

“You should expect nothing less, Kayla. Seriously, are you happy with him?” Dahlia asked in earnest. She was not bothered by the fact that James was entirely within earshot of their conversation.

“Yeah, to tell you the truth, I am. I mean, we had a fight this morning, but afterward he was truly apologetic, and then we had really good make-up sex. Or maybe I should say really

good riding his face,” she said with a laugh. “He’s generally really good with following directions, and he makes me come, so I can’t complain too much.”

“Well, you should complain, because ‘generally’ is a pretty weak term. And of course he makes you come, that’s just like, basement level. You should accept nothing less. It’s not like you have to put up with the shit that most women have to deal with. At least our mom taught us that much.”

James brought three drinks to the table and took a seat on the one remaining chair.

“C’mon, admit it,” Dahlia demanded, directing her statement at James. “Boys need some discipline. Maybe our mom was a bit over the top sometimes, but not only did you deserve it at least half the time, but you also benefitted from it. Seriously, my sister wouldn’t have anywhere near as much fun with you if you hadn’t been through that conditioning.

Learning to pay attention to details, listening, and all around just being fucking obedient when you need to be, these are all things that boys need to learn, and having the ever-present threat of getting your ass beaten really does help.”

“Well, I don’t know if he’s gotten to a place where he can admit it yet,” Kayla interjected, “but I can admit it for him. He is way better for it. I mean, I get the benefit of his experience in Helen’s boot camp pretty much every day.”

Kayla gently tousled James’s hair as she said this. James blushed.

“And what is this drink you’ve placed before me?” Dahlia asked, regarding the glass of amber-colored liquid before her.

“That is an old-fashioned,” James replied.

“An old-fashioned? That sounds so ... old fashioned,” Dahlia replied. “What’s in it?”

“Kayla said that you like whiskey, so I thought you might like this. It’s two ounces of rye whiskey, one sugar cube, two dashes of Angostura bitters, and a splash of water. With an orange peel garnish.”

“Water?” Dahlia asked, incredulous. “There’s a cocktail that lists water as an ingredient?”

“It’s to muddle the sugar. Try it, you may find that it’s delicious,” James replied.

Dahlia raised her glass and took a sip.

“That it is,” she concurred. “Good job, James.”

James smiled, in part because he had apparently impressed her to the point that she addressed him by his name.

“But speaking of our mother,” Dahlia mused, “I’ve come to realize that she kind of intentionally set the bar so high that there was no way any boy was going to come into the house and avoid getting punished in some way. And by ‘some way,’ I mean Helen’s way,” Dahlia said with a laugh.

“Yeah, that would be really painful and humiliating as fuck,” Kayla added, laughing along with her sister. “Seriously, I have no idea how you guys lived through it.”

“What do mean?” Dahlia exclaimed. “They lived through it because of the reward of having the hottest girls in the world living in the same house!”

“Oh, well of course there’s that,” Kayla laughed. “But tell James what all happened when Nick came to live with us. I mentioned some of what I can remember, but you were there. Give us the details.”

“Oh my God, really? You want me to tell the story about Nick? Nick the Dick?”

“Yes, please,” Kayla replied. “I think James might find it instructive. Plus, I want to hear it again. It’s awesome.”

Dahlia took a sip of her drink.

"All right, so I found out just a few days before it happened that we were going to have an exchange student living with us. Mom apparently didn't think it necessary to give us much of a warning about it," Dahlia said.

"I know!" Kayla exclaimed. I was telling James that I didn't know until a few days before he was supposed to show up."

"Right, so that was when you moved out of your old room, and then on the day, this guy shows up at our door with this huge backpack. It seemed really weird, like he hiked all the way here from where, I didn't know yet. Mom told us his name was Nick, and that he was from Germany, and that he was going to be attending school in the United States. It's hilarious now, but at the time, I'm thinking, does he speak English? Of course he does, as well as anyone at school, but he has this adorable accent."

"Adorable?" Kayla asked.

"I always thought so. He sounded overly serious all the time. He was cute, I thought, and he was built really nice, but mostly he was really quiet. Maybe he was nervous about the whole thing, I had no idea. I'd never been out of the country at that point, so I didn't know what it was going to be like for him. He was well-mannered, which I liked, but then I thought maybe that's just because he was unsure of what this experience was going to be like so he was on his best behavior. The thing is, he had no idea what he was in for. You know, I don't know what it was like for you, but you actually had it pretty easy," Dahlia said to James.

James did a double take. 'Easy' is not a word he would use to describe his time in the Striker household.

"The thing is, mom used to be a lot worse," Dahlia explained. "I mean, it was just like what you experienced in that at first, mom was just really cold, stern, and intimidating. You know. And Nick was definitely wary of her, but there was just no way that he was going to exceed her expectations. At first Nick was fine, but then he started to grumble about how much housework my mom was giving him. He had to dust and vacuum the carpets and clean the kitchen, the kitchen floor, and the downstairs bathroom and the whole lower level. That's the part you were staying in," Dahlia mentioned to James. "At that point it hadn't yet been established that a male guest in the house would be staying in the basement. It was actually Nick, and some things that he did, that caused mom to make that rule, but that came later. Nick was not delighted to be staying in a room that had been outfitted for a young girl," Dahlia mentioned.

Kayla shrugged her shoulders.

"I wanted my room to look cool, and that meant that it would be pink and violet," Kayla explained. "I thought he should have appreciated how awesome my taste in decor was when I was ten, which is how old I was when we painted the room."

Dahlia laughed.

"Yeah, I think maybe he had a different idea of what a room should look like. For a while, everything seemed so foreign to him, and I think it was the endless opportunity to eat cheeseburgers and pizza that kept him sane. That was the only thing that he really liked. Well, that and I noticed that he looked at me in a particular way. I could tell that he liked me. It seemed to confuse him, and he was always really respectful and nice to me.

Unfortunately for him, I was going to end up using that against him,” Dahlia admitted with a sinister little chuckle.

“As you’d expect, he was assigned pretty much everything outside, like mowing the lawn and doing pool maintenance. I have to give it to James that he was the best pool boy we’ve had, because Nick was kind of average. And you know mom had really impossibly high standards, which meant that a punishment of some kind was inevitable. Another unfortunate development for Nick was me. I had developed these,” she said, gesturing to her large, round breasts, “earlier that year. Which meant that I needed a new swimsuit. And since my body had gotten so va-voom, as Kayla used to call it—”

I still call it va-voom,” Kayla objected. “It’s in the dictionary, look it up. There’s a definition, along with a picture of your big, bouncy boobs.”

“Bouncy?” Dahlia asked with bemusement.

“Yeah, I had you on a trampoline for that description.”

“A trampoline would kill me, I think. God, even a set of stairs sets them in motion,” Dahlia replied. “But the point was that I needed a new bikini, so I went and kind of fearlessly bought this two-piece that was pretty revealing. It was azure blue, and it wasn’t really a swimsuit, because if I got in the water it was going to pop off and float away. But it was perfect for lying out in the sun in the backyard. Also, I knew that Nick was going to lose his fucking mind when he saw it.”

“Did he actually lose his mind?” Kayla asked with faux concern.

“He did, Kayla. His brain fell out of his head and bounced off of his erection, which catapulted it up over the fence into the neighbor’s yard.”

“Oh, man, just like with all the other boys that saw you wearing that bikini,” Kayla replied.

“Except for James, here. He only ever really looked at you.”

Kayla beamed.

“That’s my boy,” she said as she pulled him to her and gave him a kiss on the lips.

“Oh my God, get a room, you two,” Dahlia protested.

“We did,” Kayla objected. “You’re in it right now.”

“Oh, right. I guess I meant a bigger room. Or maybe even multiple rooms, have you thought of that, James?”

“There’s a bathroom,” James pointed out. “Doesn’t that count as another room?”

“No, a bathroom doesn’t count as a room. If someone asks how many rooms you have in your place, and then they come over and realize that one of the rooms you counted is a bathroom, they will think you’re an idiot. But I am way off topic. The thing is, mom did not like Nick’s attitude. The inevitable happened when he forgot to take out the trash. It was just sitting there stinking, so mom had had enough. She took him downstairs and had him across that desk that you got to know pretty well,” she directed at James.

James nodded, a grimace on his face.

“I was really curious what was going to happen, so I followed. She yelled at him to take his pants down and he made an enormous error in judgement, which was to refuse at first, then try to plead with her. I was just standing there thinking that this was not a smart thing for him to do. I had to wonder what the fuck was wrong with him, because he was doing just about everything he could to make it worse for himself. This made her as mad as I had ever seen her before, and so she took his pants down herself. So now I was seeing him with his pants down for the first time, which was totally fascinating. Here’s the thing. He was

fucking huge,” Dahlia stated while holding her hands a considerable distance apart. “I mean, he had this big, fat dick, and he wasn’t even hard. And he was uncircumcised, something I had only seen in photos, and never in real life. OK, full confession, I had never actually seen a naked dick in real life at that point. Then mom starts giving him the razor strop across his ass.

“As you know,” she mentioned to James, “that motherfucker hurts. Nick was just so surprised that she was whipping him in the first place, then he was shocked that it hurt like hell, and then he was just overwhelmed by the fact that she was not going to stop. I think she wanted to make an impression on him, because she just stood there letting him have it, and she was relentless. He was crying, like really crying, with tears streaming down his face.

“Meanwhile I’m still fascinated with looking at his gigantic penis, which would swing back and forth with the impact across his ass. Then it looked like mom was done, but then she told him to ask for more. Now, I thought this was kind of crazy. Mom could be kind sadistic with her punishments, but this was such a mindfuck for Nick. She told him he had to ask for additional strokes of the razor strop, to show that he appreciated the correction to his behavior. He couldn’t even speak at first, so she said that since he was so arrogant that he didn’t even show gratitude for his punishment, he was going to get ten more. Which she began to deliver immediately. Then she stopped again and told him to ask for additional punishment. This time he tried to ask for more, but she didn’t like his tone of voice, so he got another ten.

“Finally, he pretty much flat-out begged her to punish him more, and he sounded respectful, so she asked him how many strokes. He said five, which made me roll my eyes. I thought what a fucking idiot. Five is never going to be the number, you’re just going to piss her off. And unsurprisingly, she said fifteen was more appropriate, and then gave him that. Then she finally put the thick leather strap back on its hook and told him to thank her for having corrected him. He didn’t fuck that up, so she told him to remain in place for the next half an hour and think about what he had done and how he was going to change his behavior in the future. She left him there, and believe it or not, I was kind of shy at first. I stayed back, watching him, and it was a little while before I went in to get a closer look at him. I walked over to the desk and looked at his ass. I gasped because it was cherry red. I had never seen an ass look so spanked.

“*Does it hurt?* I asked him, which I admit, was a dumb question. Yes, he admitted, and I could tell it was really humiliating for him to have me standing there looking at him. Which, I realized, I really, really enjoyed. *I watched you get your butt whipped*, I told him. *I think you took it pretty well*. He didn’t know how to respond to that, so he just stayed silent. I stood there watching him for a minute longer, really just enjoying this dynamic where he was naked and humiliated and I could just stand there and make it worse for him. Then I left him there, but it made me think about what an opportunity it was to have Nick in this position.”

Dahlia sipped her drink, then shifted in her chair.

“Then there was the ten pennies thing,” she said with a mysterious tone of voice.

Kayla had a look like she knew what Dahlia was talking about, and a small smile appeared on her face.

James looked back and forth between the two girls.

“What’s the ten pennies thing?” he asked.

“Be quiet, Penis, I’ll tell you,” Dahlia admonished him. “It was a few days after his first full-on ass-whipping that I happened upon Nick standing, facing the wall in the basement, his arms outstretched and each of his ten fingers pressed against the wall. He had been mowing the lawn, I think, and he was wearing nothing but a pair of shorts. They had an elastic band around the waist, which will be an important detail in just a moment. Anyway, I noticed that each of his ten fingers held a penny pressed against the wall.

“*What are you doing?*” I asked, which makes me laugh thinking about it now. Like he had come up with this really weird idea himself and decided to stand there doing it. *Your mom is making me do this*, he replied. He didn’t sound happy about it. It took a few moments for me to figure out what exactly was happening. If he moved, one or more of the pennies would fall to the floor, and then how was he going to pick them up? He had to remain still and keep his hands against the wall to keep the coins from falling, and it seemed likely that mom would have threatened a far more severe punishment if that happened. This is the point at which I got an idea. Since he had to remain in place, that meant that he was completely vulnerable and I could do anything I wanted to him. I thought about tickling him, which made me laugh, and I could see that my laughing really put him on edge. I started to tease him about what a precarious situation he was in.

“*I guess my mom is going to whip your ass pretty hard if she comes back and you don’t have ten pennies pressed against the wall, huh?*” I asked. He was silent, which I took to be an admission that I was right, but it bothered me that he seemed to think that he didn’t have to respond to a direct question. *Answer me when I speak to you*, I said in a tone of voice that let him know I wasn’t amused. *Yes, she warned me that I will get a whipping*, he admitted. I couldn’t help but laugh. *It’s not funny*, he protested. I informed him that not only was it funny, it was hilarious. *Your butt is going to be bright red*, I observed, and took the opportunity to place my hands on his ass.

“Now, I don’t know if I’ve made this clear,” Dahlia said as an aside, “but his ass was pretty much perfect. I think he must have spent a lot of time riding his bike when he was growing up or something. I mean his butt was so nicely rounded and muscular, it just begged me to pinch it and grab it. So, I did, and I could feel his body tense. He knew the situation he was in. He needed to focus his attention on remaining in place, no matter what I was going to do to him.

“Then I took ahold of the waist band of his shorts. That was it, at first. I just took ahold of the waistband, and let it sink in that it was entirely within my power to do as I please, and if that meant pulling his shorts down, then I could. I could see him tense up as he realized this. Then, super-slowly, I started pulling down his shorts, along with his underwear, so that his gorgeously tight little butt was exposed and available for me to grope and fondle. He made this little whimpering sound, which was really kind of pathetic. I grabbed his ass and warned him that he was going to get a spanking from me if I heard him protesting anything I did to him.

“He realized, of course, that if I started spanking him with my hand, he was going to have a hard time keeping the coins pressed against the wall. So he shut up and endured it. I slid my fingers into the crevice of his ass in this way that was going to make him feel violated, which is what I wanted. I wanted him to know that I was having fun playing with him. Now, once I had his shorts pulled down in back, I kind of couldn’t resist. I took ahold of the elastic

band of his shorts and his underwear and started sliding them down further, still moving really slowly. I could tell how difficult it was for him to remain calm, since he realized in that moment how much control I had over him, and that I could pretty much do anything I wanted.

"When his shorts were pulled down to the point that he was all but fully exposed, I stopped and took the opportunity to tease him. I mean, I didn't want the moment to go by without fully recognizing its potential. I leaned in and whispered in his ear that he was going to need to begin to respect my authority to do whatever I wanted to him. I reminded him that a word from me would get him in huge trouble with my mom, and he knew by then what that was going to mean. But I didn't want to assume anything, so I made him tell me what would happen if I told my mom that he had done something wrong. He swallowed hard, and I could tell that his throat had gone dry. *She will punish me*, he said in a hoarse whisper. *How will she punish you?* I asked, though I knew the answer to that question. I just wanted to hear him say it. *She will whip me across the butt*, he replied. *That's right*, I said, and reached between his legs and gave the base of his dick a squeeze, since it was now exposed. I noticed that he was getting hard, and the head of his cock was beginning to strain against the stretchy fabric of his shorts.

"When I felt that I had terrified him sufficiently, I grabbed the waistband of his shorts and yanked them down to his ankles. His cock popped out and bobbed up and down like a spring that had been released. It made me laugh, partly because he was now fully erect and I realized that my playing with him made him hard, in spite of the threat of punishment. I stood up and took his cock in my hand, and I squeezed it nice and hard. I was curious to know how hard I could squeeze it in my hand, and what reaction he would have as a result. I was not disappointed. He couldn't help but moan, making this really nice, low sound. You know, like how guys sound," Dahlia clarified.

"Yeah, I know," Kayla said in recognition. She glanced at James.

"This was also the point where he recognized that he was in this predicament, because he really liked the way that it felt when I was touching him, but he was worried that he was somehow going to end up in a lot of trouble even though I was the one doing everything to him. He begged me to stop and pull his shorts back up, since clearly, he was going to be unable to do so himself. Of course, there was no way that I was going to do that so soon, but I realized that I really liked hearing him beg. You know how adorable it is when a guy is really begging for real, right?" Dahlia directed to Kayla.

"Yeah, of course," she replied. "James has some work to do in that area, because I don't feel as though I've heard him fully realize his potential, but I am optimistic."

Dahlia flashed James a look.

"You'd better learn, Penis," she warned him. "My sister is more than worthy of hearing you beg, do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand," James replied, his face blushing.

"So now that I have his shorts pulled down and Nick is entirely under my control," Dahlia continued, "I want to try different experiments. I play with his dick, pulling it this way and that, noticing his response to whatever I'm doing. I pinch the head of his dick, since that's just irresistible."

"It is, I wonder why?" Kayla responded. She looked at James as though he might have answer.

"I have absolutely no idea," James replied when he realized that the two sisters were looking at him. "No one has ever specifically pinched the head of my dick aside from you," he directed at Kayla.

"No girl has ever been as good as me, that's why," she informed James.

"That's correct," James replied.

"See?" she said to Dahlia. "He can be a good boy after all."

"Hmmm," Dahlia replied, sounding doubtful. "If you say so."

"So then did you pull his shorts up?" Kayla asked.

"No, first I wanted to squeeze his balls in my hand. You know, for research purposes. I wanted to know how he would respond, and how hard I could squeeze them before I got a reaction. That particular line of inquiry was richly rewarded with a really nice, low, groaning sound. You know, all tough and manly, but at the same time completely vulnerable." Dahlia visibly shivered at this point. "Then I had a thought that, hilariously, I thought was really original at the time. I was playing with his dick when I leaned in and called him 'Nick the Dick.' I could see that he didn't like that, so I said *Fine. Then I'll just call you Dick.* He didn't seem to like that any better, but I didn't care. I drummed my fingertips along his shaft and told him he had to respond to the nickname Dick."

Dahlia paused.

"Which, just at this moment realized how funny it is that his name was *Nick*, but his *nickname* was Dick. Get it?"

"Oh man, you're a genius!" Kayla exclaimed ironically.

"Oh, shut up. It's hilarious. Then, yeah, ultimately, I did pull his shorts back up, but before that he had to tell me his name. He said *Nick*, but of course that wasn't going to fly. *Nope, tell me your name*, I said. He turned bright red, and after hemming and hawing, finally said, *Dick*. This made me laugh. Then I told Dick that he had to make me a promise. He had to promise me that the next thing I asked him to do for me he was going to do without question. I know, I could have had him do whatever by threatening him, but I wanted him to make me that promise so that he would have this additional thought in his head that he had agreed to do whatever it might be."

"What were you thinking you might do to cash in on the promise?" Kayla asked.

"At the time, I had no idea," Dahlia admitted with a laugh. "I was making it up as I went along. Speaking of making it up, I think that James should make up another drink for us."

"I agree," Kayla replied. "James?"

"Yes, Kayla," James said as he stood to collect the glasses and take them to the kitchen counter.

"So what about your situation?" Kayla asked. "Aren't you seeing someone now?"

"Hmm. Sort of. You know I didn't really have any kind of a serious boyfriend during the time James was living with us, just a string of disappointments," Dahlia sniffed.

"Oh golly, you are so dramatic!" Kayla replied.

"At least I don't use the word 'golly.'"

"You should. It's a new thing I'm promoting. I'm working up to 'gosh-oh-golly,' which I'm thinking I'll launch next Spring."

Dahlia laughed.

"Good luck with that. It's going to be, what, part of the Spring line of regressive linguistic perversions, or something?"

“Oh golly, that’s exactly what it’s going to be called. I think. You’ll have to write it down because I don’t even remember what you said.”

“Anyway,” Dahlia said wearily, “I’m considering a guy at the moment. That’s what I call it now, ‘considering.’ Thing is, Dick pretty much set the bar really high for any guy that might come after him. I mean, when I wrapped my hand around his cock, my thumb and forefinger didn’t even touch. Seriously, he was that big around. And I knew he was big, but I didn’t know how small most guys were in comparison. Do you remember Jackson, the guy I was dating around time right before James came to live with us?”

Kayla thought for a moment.

“Not really, there have been, um, a number of guys,” she replied cautiously.

“What are you trying to say?” Dahlia asked, sounding offended.

“Oh, nothing, I didn’t mean anything by that.”

Dahlia laughed.

“I’m just fucking with you. In my defense, it’s not that I’m a slut, it’s that I am just really particular about a lot of things, and so few men measure up,” she said with a wink.

Kayla nodded.

“Right, it’s not like you can have them strip down for an inspection on the first date or anything.”

Dahlia had a look of concern on her face.

“Yeah, you can,” she objected. “I always do. In fact, that’s going to happen before I even consider a first date. Anyway, we are getting off topic. Jackson was this guy I started dating not long after Dick left to go back home to Germany. Maybe it was a rebound thing, sort of. Not like I was dating Nick, but I had gotten used to having a boy to play with any time I wanted to. I started seeing Jackson, and I had to admit to him that I thought he was pretty small. I mean his penis. Which he had never heard before, since he was close to seven inches in length. He was surprised at my observation, and he asked me what my expectations were. I told him that my expectations were that he would work harder to satisfy me since he was a bit too small for my preference.

“I have to laugh about it now, since I had no idea that he would be considered a totally reasonable size, even large, to most girls. I had seen other guys who were even smaller, but I thought they were just anomalies. He acted all hurt, but I told him that he could compensate for his lack of size by being really obedient and focused on pleasing me. I made sure that he understood that he was going to be using his tongue a lot. Which he did, and he actually had a lot of talent. It ended up that I didn’t feel like I had wasted my time with him. He helped me take my mind off of Dick and start thinking about other guys.

“I’m still stuck on the revelation that you have a guy take off his clothes before you consider a first date,” Kayla admitted, sounding amused.

“Well, it’s not really relevant to you if you are with James, but if ever you decide that your attention is wandering, you might consider it. It definitely helps settle a few things and establish an understanding between you and the guy in question,” Dahlia advised. “It’s an opportunity to set down some ground rules.”

At this moment James returned to the table with three fresh drinks.

“And speaking of ground rules, mom made quite a lot of them, and Dick just couldn’t keep up. He was continually tripping up on the simplest stuff to the point where I almost thought he was trying to get himself in trouble. At some point, mom resorted to tying some rope to

the rafters overhead in the storage room, and she had Dick bound with his hands above his head. She decided that he no longer had the option of voluntarily remaining in position for his punishment, and what's more, he needed to spend more time anticipating it so as to heighten the impact. Then she yanked his shorts down. He hadn't been wearing a shirt since he'd been mowing the lawn, so now he just had a pair of shorts around his ankles. She left him in that position while she went to retrieve what would turn out to be the birch rod.

"I was watching, of course, and I was fascinated with the potential of having him tied up this way. I asked him what he had done now, and by this point he knew better than to give me a smart answer. He admitted to having left a sock in the dryer, because he forgot to check after taking out the load of laundry before folding it and putting it away. I had to laugh, because this was such a stupid mistake. I told him that clearly, he was trying to get punished, so obviously he really must like it. Then I mentioned that he should be really humiliated for having to be corrected so often, and lastly, but most importantly, I was going to really enjoy watching every moment of the punishment he was going to get.

"Mom used a birch rod to whip his ass, and it was pretty harsh. She started out being pretty mean, and it just escalated from there. He was entirely helpless, being tied up the way he was, so all he could do was just endure it. When she was done with the first round of whipping his butt, she gave him a lecture. He was crying, and trying to apologize, but she wasn't having it. She delivered another round of whipping, then told him that he was going to stay there and think about what he had done. She left the room, and I was still kind of surprised that she had no qualms about me watching. I hadn't learned yet that she wanted me to watch. That it was part of the plan.

"Anyway, after she'd left the room, I walked up to him. I mean, I say it like I was all bold and shit, but the reality was that I was still actually kind of shy. He was still crying from the pain of the whipping, and so he didn't have a lot of fight in him. I looked at his butt, which was really cute with bright red stripes across it.

"*My God, she whipped you really well, huh?* I said. He was all, *Yeah, it really hurt.* He said it in this really nasty way, and I should have spanked him hard across the butt with my bare hand, but at the time, I just laughed it off. But I did tell him he better not talk back to me. I stood in front of him and looked him in the eyes. My nervousness about the situation was kind of going away, so I reached out and pinched him on the head of his dick. He flinched, so I slapped him across the face. *Don't move,* I told him. I pinched him again, and he said *Stop it,* so I slapped him again. *I'm not going to stop it, I'm going to do whatever I want,* I told him. And I told him that he was going to have to behave.

"Then I started having fun. I started alternating pinching him and flicking him across the head of his dick, and the funniest part is that he started getting hard. *Oh my God, is this making you hard?* I teased him. His face was bright red with embarrassment. *Oh, you look so cute when you're embarrassed,* I told him. But cute wasn't the right word, because he had gotten almost fully erect, and his dick was huge. Gigantic. The head of his dick was like the size of, I don't know, like the size of a plum. Except it was pink. And I kept pinching it and flicking it with my fingers, and I'm laughing now because he's super-hard. *I guess you like this, don't you?* I started teasing him.

"After that, I made a point of playing with him after he was punished and he was either tied up so he couldn't go anywhere, or mom had given him a direct order that he was not to move. It was a crazy amount of fun to tease him."

Dahlia paused to take a sip of her drink.

"I seem to recall a detail you told me about one time," Kayla mentioned, "it was something about his tongue."

"Oh, holy crap. Right. That came later on. It was around the time when Lara came for a visit."

Kayla laughed.

"Of course it was," she said.

"Yeah, and I have no idea how we came to be OK with it, but I guess it's because we're sisters. You know all about Lara, right, James?" Dahlia asked.

"All about her? No, but I think I know what specific detail you are indicating," James replied.

"Why, was that, um, a thing she was known to do?"

"Yeah, though we didn't really know about it until later, and then we just kind of had to respect her forwardness and what a boss bitch she is," Dahlia stated.

"I think any guy can only benefit from letting Lara do what she does," Kayla offered.

"Agree," Dahlia replied. "Dick got the same treatment, in that when Lara came home for a visit, she had no qualms about taking advantage of the situation. Later, the next day probably, she asked me if I'd had the use of Nick's tongue. I was kind of taken aback, because for whatever reason, I hadn't really thought of it. I can't imagine now why I would have thought that way, but it just didn't occur to me. But of course, after Lara mentioned it, I got really curious. I decided I needed to investigate."

"Yeah, Nancy Drew!" Kayla exclaimed. "Investigate the mystery of the German exchange student's tongue."

"Yeah, I did not need a magnifying glass for this particular mystery," Dahlia said with a laugh. "But I did feel kind of self-conscious, I'll admit. I asked him if he wanted to lick me, and I think he was kind of stunned by the question because he didn't answer right away. Yes, he said at last, but it was the kind of yes that sounds like *absofuckinglutely* yes, which made me feel good. Then I asked him if he recalled having made me a promise to do something for me. He got this glazed-over look in his eyes, but admitted that yes, he remembered. I told him that he was going to be allowed to go down on me under one condition. He was going to purposefully get himself in trouble. He was going to admit to doing something that would earn him a whipping with his hands tied to the rafters overhead in the storage room. He had the most beautiful look of submission on his face, his eyes silently begging me to name anything but that, which just hardened my resolve that he do exactly that.

"It didn't matter that mom was delivering the punishment, it almost made me come watching him get a whipping that he'd intentionally brought upon himself as a favor to me, for my benefit. It was so satisfying watching the rod land across his naked ass over and over again, seeing the effect it had on his body, knowing that he was doing it for me."

Kayla chuckled.

"I so loved that when it was happening to you," she said, stroking James's hair. "But wait, what does that have to do with having him go down on you?" Kayla asked.

Dahlia just stared at her sister for a moment.

"It was to make me wet, of course, just thinking about how he purposefully got himself in trouble just so that I could think about it later while he licked my pussy. Obviously," she added.

“So then later that night, after mom had gone to bed, I got up and found Dick lying in bed, reading some fucking textbook, since he was always studying, and he gave me this wary look he always had. I told him not to worry, and tossed the textbook aside, and turned off his reading lamp. I pulled him over onto me and put my hands on his shoulders and pushed him downward. I was wearing a t-shirt and a pair of panties, which is generally what I wore to bed. He pulled my panties off and he started licking my inner thighs, and right away I wondered what this sensation was. His tongue felt really serpentine, which I mean in a good way.

“I would come to find that he had an extraordinarily long tongue, just like his long, thick cock. Then I would come to find that he could make me come,” she added, trying to be funny. “Don’t get me wrong, he was not super-talented and he had a lot to learn, but he had this amazing tongue and he was enthusiastic, which was more fun than I might have imagined. So yeah, Lara was really helpful in doing what she did and recommending that I take advantage of the opportunity. Which I did throughout the rest of the summer.”

“Then that would have been downstairs, right?” Kayla asked. “Because at some point, he was moved down there.”

“Oh, that’s a story,” Dahlia replied.

“That’s what were here for,” Kayla responded.

“Yeah, so inadvertently mom created what Lara called the pussy-licking room. I was all like, what? It kind of appalled me at the time that she was so forward about stuff like that. Dick had gotten himself moved down there before Lara came to visit, and apparently she did exactly what she did when James was living down there,” Dahlia said.

“Uh-huh,” Kayla replied. “You remember that don’t you?”

“Yeah, I’d never had anything like that happen before,” James confessed.

“Our sister is awesome,” Kayla said. “So how did Nick end up downstairs?”

“The first part of it is that I was really surprised that he was going to move in your room to begin with.”

“He wasn’t,” Kayla explained. “Initially, mom said that he was going to be staying in Lara’s room. I asked if I could move into her room instead, and he could stay in my room, since Lara had the biggest bedroom. It seemed reasonable to me, but mom had to think about it, I guess. Finally, she let me do that, so I spent the next two days moving all my stuff into her room. That was when I found the weird strappy thing in Lara’s room.”

“The weird strappy thing?” Dahlia asked.

“Yeah, I told you about it at the time. How do you not remember that?”

“I don’t know, remind me.”

“It totally mystified me at the time. I guess I was really young. It was these three interlocking belts, I guess, like three leather straps, but they were all too small to work as a belt, and I couldn’t figure out why there would be three of them linked together. I asked Lara about it when she came home later that year and she was really strange, like she didn’t want to answer me. She said it was a fashion thing, but that didn’t make sense, and later she said it was a workout thing, but I could tell that she was just making shit up. Anyway, ultimately I figured it out.”

“OK, that sounds kind of familiar, but are you seriously not going to just tell me what it was?”

Kayla laughed.

"You really don't remember? The two outer straps go around a girl's thighs, while the strap in the middle goes around a boy's neck, like a collar," Kayla explained.

Dahlia thought for a moment, then started laughing.

"Oh my God, that's right! I remember now. I was just so amazed by that at the time, and really impressed that my older sister was so cool in a way that I had no idea about, and then I guess I just completely forgot about it. Weird. But the story was about how Dick ended up being put down in the basement. This was because, well, do you remember how mom had different schedules sometimes, and she'd be home when we thought she'd be gone, and at work when we thought she'd be home?"

"Yeah, I assume that was terrifying for Nick," Kayla commented.

"Not enough, apparently. He was in his room, or Kayla's old room one day, and he had the door closed. For whatever reason, he thought it would be a good idea to jerk off that day."

"This story sounds familiar," Kayla said, smiling as she elbowed James.

"Right, since boys can't restrain themselves, they end up in trouble. This was the situation when mom saw the door closed and barged right in. She saw Dick stroking himself, which infuriated her. I so unfortunately was not there to witness this event, but Dick admitted it to me later. Apparently, she demanded that he stand up immediately and explain himself. She didn't even let him cover himself."

"That sounds like something mom would do," Kayla said. "Plus, how was it that no one told me that Nick was jerking himself off in my old bedroom. I could have used that for my own fantasy life at the time."

"Sorry," Dahlia replied. "But the result of it was that he was moved downstairs where he wouldn't have a door to his bedroom, and she had the door to the laundry room removed as well, since he was now going to be taking his showers in there. She made clear that he was going to be observable at all times."

"That was definitely a benefit of the environment that mom created," Kayla observed. "We did get many opportunities to view the male body all naked and objectified. I think it was good for us."

"Absolutely," Dahlia agreed. "It strips boys of their power when they're forced to be naked. It puts them in their place. Of course, there are so many ways to put a boy in his place."

Dahlia seemed to drift away with her thoughts for a moment. James wondered what terrifying things she was contemplating. Suddenly, Dahlia seemed to return to the present moment.

"Did you ever have a physical with Dr. Kelling?" Dahlia asked James.

"No," he replied. "My last physical with my doctor was before I came to live at your house, and the next one was at the university just before my first semester here, so your mom didn't see the need for it."

"Kayla and I, and Lara, I guess, all had the same doctor growing up. It was Dr. Kelling, who was this really cool, nice woman that was friends with mom, I guess. I don't really know the story there. But we were always friendly, so it wasn't sucky to go to the doctor, which was nice."

"I just went to her a few months ago," Kayla mentioned, "and I'm always really worried that she's going to retire someday. She's the best."

"Well, there was this day where Dick was being a pain in the ass about something, and I'd had it with him, so I just kicked him between the legs," Dahlia recalled. "I meant to just get

the point across that I thought he was being annoying, but apparently I got him square in the balls, which put him on the floor. At first, I just laughed, because I thought he was being a drama queen. But then I realized that he wasn't getting up, so I was like, what the fuck, and he said that he got hit really hard.

"I told mom, who was pissed as hell because now she had to drive him to the doctor to make sure nothing was wrong with him. She said I had to come too, so I guess I wasn't totally off the hook. I think she just wanted me to be more careful. When we got to the doctor, I was kind of curious how it was going to go. I wasn't even aware if Dr. Kelling had any male patients. I mean, of course she did, I'd just never thought about it before. Mom talked to the receptionist, then we went into a waiting room. They give Dick a gown and tell him to change into it. He does. Dr. Kelling comes in, says hi to me and mom, then sits down on her little wheelie stool, and wheels over to Dick. She has him lift up the gown, and she pulls down his underwear, and she starts, I don't know, like, fondling his balls."

Kayla laughed.

"Seriously," Dahlia responded, "that's what it looked like. She just pokes and prods his balls, then slowly rolls them between her thumb and forefinger, then she puts her fingers up between his legs and starts methodically prodding them here and there. It was kind of interesting to watch, since I had no idea what such an exam would look like. She even did the thing where she cupped his balls and said, *Turn your head and cough*. I mean, I thought that was a myth or something. Like a joke they say in the movies for whatever reason. I had no idea they actually do that."

"Why do they do that?" Kayla asked, turning to James.

"Um, it's to make sure that the testicles are, you know, attached," he replied.

"Holy crap," Kayla replied. "OK, so what about Nick's balls?"

"Oh my God, after all that, they were fine. I guess he'd just never gotten a good kick to the balls. Apparently, that hurts," Dahlia mused.

"Yeah, I know," James replied with a grimace.

"Oh, that's right, mom had us each practice giving you a kick in the balls," Dahlia recalled, laughing. "See, she didn't have any problem with it as a methodology, it just needed to be done correctly."

"Correctly," Kayla repeated, giving James a gently nudge.

"Ow, my balls, Kayla!" Dahlia cried out in a mocking tone of voice. "My balls hurt so much!"

"Owee! My balls hurt too!" Kayla joined in. "Whatever do I do about my balls hurting so much?"

"What I like to do is roll around on the floor and cry about it," Dahlia suggested.

"I like to realize that if I'd obeyed my girlfriend in the first place than I wouldn't be in this situation!" Kayla offered.

Dahlia laughed.

"OK, so after Dr. Kelling worked out that Dick was totally fine, and just being a big pussy about it, she did an all-over physical exam, because she's awesome, and the hilarious part was when she had him bend over for her gloved fingers up his ass. I had to bite my lip not to laugh.

"When she was done, she recommended that he start doing a prostate massage once a month. Now this part was so much funnier, because first she had to show him how to do it, which meant that he needed to lube up and demonstrate putting his finger in his ass. She

instructed him how to massage the prostate, which was just more of me sitting there thinking this is all new information, since that's another body part that I don't have. Also, Dick still has his finger up his ass. I wonder what the doctor thinks of his giant dick, or does she even think about stuff like that.

"When we got home, mom told him to go do the thing Dr. Kelling told him to do, and you have no idea how hard it was for me to wait to tease the hell out of Dick that he had to finger-fuck himself in the ass. Because, you know, doctor's orders. I knew that he would be downstairs, totally out in the open, so I was trying to figure out how I was going to sneak down there to watch, when mom suddenly told me to do exactly that. She said that she wanted to make sure that he was just doing the thing the doctor had prescribed, and not masturbating, and she wanted me to go make sure that was what was happening.

"I happily traipsed down the stairs to find Dick on his hands and knees on his bed, with his shorts and his underwear pulled down, and his finger in his ass. Now, I've told you that he had a really cute butt. And the thought of penetrating it was intriguing to me, but at that moment, the sight of Dick with his finger up his ass made me laugh. He was really embarrassed, which made me laugh harder. He tried to object to me watching him, but I told him that I was just making sure that he didn't start masturbating. Plus, I told him, this was about the funniest thing I'd ever seen. I mean, even though he wasn't masturbating, he totally had a massive hard-on. Which I pointed out to Dick, proving that he really liked fucking himself in the ass.

"After a few minutes, he started to tense up, like his whole body reacted to what he was doing. Then his dick started to spurt what looked like come. I couldn't help but applaud in the moment. I congratulated him on taking his own virginity, which was a stroke of brilliance on my part. He was blushing, and I could see that it really affected him to have performed this in front of me. His whole attitude was that of compliance, and he still had an erection, which was nice. I told him that I really was proud of him for doing what he was told, and he looked genuinely grateful for the compliment.

"That night at dinner, I asked mom about a part of the exam that had given me reason for concern. Dick was being really quiet as always, just listening and being on his best behavior. Mom asked me what it was, and I said that when Dr. Kelling examined Nick's genitalia, she had taken ahold of his penis and retracted his foreskin. While she was doing this, she asked him if he had any trouble, or discomfort with his foreskin. Mom was curious what my question might be, and I could tell that Nick was sitting up a little straighter, listening. I asked her why the doctor had asked that, and what she meant by trouble or discomfort. My reasoning was that if there was cause for concern, then maybe he should just be circumcised."

"You know I was actually sitting at the table during that conversation, right?" Kayla asked.

"No, I've kind of forgotten when you were there and when you weren't," Dahlia admitted.

"Did you have any idea what I was talking about?"

"Yes, of course, but I had no idea what you were actually suggesting. I mean, I knew how boys were made, but I didn't quite realize what would take place if mom agreed with what you had proposed."

"Yeah, she kind of explained that we couldn't really do that, but I could tell that she would have totally seriously considered it otherwise."

"Do you think that ultimately, you would have wanted that to happen?"

Dahlia gave a mysterious little smile.

"Hmmm, I don't know. It's interesting to think about. At any rate, I would want to let Dick know that I was going to take some time in considering it. I would want him to know that I would not take the matter into consideration lightly. I would want him to know that I was going to put a lot of thought into it before I made my decision."

"After mom had to take him to see Dr. Kelling, did she tell you to be more careful about not hurting Nick's balls?" Kayla asked. "I imagine she didn't want to have to go through that whole thing again."

"Like I said, she was pissed about that," Dahlia repeated.

"She was mad at you?" Kayla asked.

"No, of course not. I explained what I had done, so she expressed that I had every right to do what I did. No, she spoke to the two of us and made sure that Nick understood that it was his behavior that led to what happened, and he was going to have to be a lot more careful going forward. She also pointed out that a small amount of discomfort was no reason to be alarmed. She let him know that he should expect to feel some discomfort between his legs from time to time, that it was just a part of being a boy and learning to behave. Grow the fuck up, basically," Dahlia said with a laugh.

"As an example, there was a day at some point during the summer when there were a couple of leaves floating in the pool, so Dick was going to have to have his shorts pulled down to get punished. I was lying out on a chaise lounge wearing a bikini, amused that Dick kept trying to look at me without me noticing. I was contemplating getting him in trouble for that when mom comes out with this long, thick, wooden paddle.

"I thought to myself, *Where does she get these things?* I had no idea how she came to possess so many different implements for punishment. But she had this thing that was like a fraternity paddle only it didn't have Greek letters on it. She ordered him to pull his shorts down and place his hands on one of the little tables we have to put drinks on when sitting out beside the pool. I have a front row seat, and this is going to be one of the most entertaining things to happen all day, so it has my full attention.

"Dick was more-or-less facing me, so I could see by the expression on his face that it was really humiliating for him to get his ass paddled with me watching. I smiled at him to let him know that I was really enjoying it. He could see that I was openly staring at his dick, watching it bounce whenever the paddle landed across his butt, which was like, all the time. His face was bright red from embarrassment, as red as his butt was going to be after his paddling.

"Unfortunately for him, there was a girl wearing a bikini right in front of him, so he soon had an erection. Nothing sets mom off like a boy getting an erection, especially when it's because of one of her daughters. She noticed, of course, and she went off on him about what a nasty little pervert he was. Then she had him spread his legs. He didn't want to, obviously, but there was no getting out of it. I actually thought he was pretty stupid for hesitating since that was only going to make it worse. But as you know, boys can be stupid sometimes. And by sometimes, I mean all the time," she said as an aside to Kayla.

"Well, that may be true," Kayla agreed, "James has his moments. Certainly, when he is following orders and obeying me, that's a smart thing for him to do."

"Oh, right. That's always the smartest thing a boy can do, which is to just do what they are told," Dahlia conceded. "Anyway, Dick had to learn his lesson the hard way. Mom told him

to spread his legs apart, and he was trying to beg his way out of it, but it really wasn't going to go any other way than full compliance on his part. It's not like he could deny that he had an erection, so the punishment was going to happen regardless. I had to wonder at that moment how it wasn't even more humiliating for him to employ this futile effort to get out of it.

"Be a fucking man and own up to it, I thought. How did you think that your penis getting hard wasn't going to result in a harsh punishment?" Ultimately, of course, Dick had to comply, and he dutifully spread his legs apart. Mom placed the paddle between his legs and pressed it against his balls. She held it there while she gave him a lecture about what was expected of him, then gave him the opportunity to apologize for how inappropriate it was for him to have an erection. His attitude was different than it had been, likely because he was now properly terrified. His apology sounded sincere, like he truly did appreciate that he should be punished for his actions.

"Then I got to watch something really spectacular. She paddled his balls, which was an amazing sight to see, but the look on his face was even better. I don't know what it feels like for a guy to get hit there, but it was way more effective than paddling his ass. She didn't even have to do it for very long before he was crying, and then he fell to his knees. She demanded that he get up again, and I could see that it took every bit of self-control for him to do as she told him to. But he did manage to get back on his feet and present himself for punishment again. I was almost proud of him for that. It seemed like he really was beginning to know his place. Mom gave him just one more stroke of the paddle and then she was done. As always, she made him remain in position to think about what he had done. She went back inside, which meant that he was now mine to play with. He was so humiliated that he was trying to avoid looking at me, which was amusing because I knew he wanted to. As I mentioned, he'd been stealing glances sideways anytime I was lying out wearing a bikini, but now he kept his eyes down out of embarrassment.

"Did that hurt a lot when you got your balls paddled?" I asked him. He just nodded, and I couldn't help but laugh. *Well don't you think you kind of deserved it?"* I asked, really just teasing him at this point. He made this little whimpering sound that annoyed me. *Seriously, you totally got hard while being paddled, so I think you should at least be able to admit that you deserved what you had coming to you,* I told him. Finally, he managed to say Yes, really softly. *Yes, what?* I demanded. *Yes, I deserved it,* he said at last. It was uniquely satisfying to hear him say it, so I turned to lie on my back and I put my arms up over my head on the chaise, which displayed my tits really nicely for him to see. I know that he was unable to keep from looking at them, which amused me.

"Yeah, I've noticed that guys have a hard time not staring at your tits," Kayla replied joyfully.

"Guys stare at yours too," Dahlia replied. "Mine are just more impossible not to notice." Kayla laughed.

"So, at some point," Dahlia continued, "I thought it would be interesting to watch him jerk off in front of me. I knew that boys did that, but I had never seen it. I wanted to know how they did it and what it looked like. You know, it was just curiosity at first. After everything I'd already seen watching him take his punishments, I thought he should masturbate while I watched.

"Anyway, mom was out of the house one day to run some errands, and inexplicably Dick didn't have any chores to do at the moment, so I went downstairs and told him I wanted to watch him play with himself. I was really surprised when he objected to doing it. I thought he would be really into the idea, and I was not prepared for him to start pleading with me to not make him do it. Now, I had to laugh at this point because I could tell that his reason was that he was really embarrassed. Dick knew that if I wanted to, I could make him do anything I wanted," Dahlia continued. "But I didn't want to just make him do it. I wanted him to admit to me that he wanted to. I thought it would be so much more rewarding if he confessed that he fantasized about stroking his cock in front of me.

"I told him that if he turned down the opportunity then I would never allow him to again. I presented like he was going to lose his chance to do what I knew he wanted to do. By the way, the look on his face at this point was priceless. It was really clear by the way my words affected him that he wanted to do what I wanted, and he began wrestling with his fear of being exposed. I mean, way more than just being naked. I was going to be able to see his desire. I just wanted to see what it looked like to have a guy standing in front of me doing something totally humiliating for him and know that he is getting off on it at the same time. I knew that he would be really embarrassed if I made him take off his clothes and masturbate while I watched, so that was I did. I was also curious to see what that looked like, so it served a dual purpose, but the main thing was to have him feel this humiliation while he did it.

"He pulled down his shorts and his underwear, took off his shirt, and stood in front of me. He was already half-erect. He took his cock on his hand and started stroking it back and forth. As I mentioned, he is uncircumcised, so his foreskin would kind of roll back and forth. I asked him what that felt like for him, and he said that it felt really good, but he had nothing to compare it to. Which made sense. I directed him to do it different ways, like use his other hand or use both hands or do it really slow or grip himself really hard.

"Mostly I just wanted to give him orders, but I also wanted to see what I was interested in seeing. I wanted to know what would feel really good and what would not feel good. It was like a little science project. I told him that if he made himself come before I gave him permission, I was going to tell mom that he disobeyed a direct order from me, which would mean he'd get his butt whipped really hard. This was way more entertaining than I had imagined it would be, because now he was terrified that I might make him do something that would make him come and that he wouldn't be able to stop it. I just love that look of fear on a boy's face, especially when they're naked."

"Did you let him ejaculate?" Kayla asked.

"Good question," Dahlia replied. "Did I let him ejaculate. The answer is yes, conditionally. I told him that if he had an orgasm, I was going to get him in big trouble. Now the tricky part is that he was also going to get in big trouble if he stopped stroking his cock. It was really just a matter of time. I started unbuttoning my shirt down the front, until he could see my tits. I was wearing a bra, of course, but the suggestion of seeing me naked was too much for him. He wanted to look away because it was going to make him come, but he couldn't. He was mesmerized. I taunted him with the punishment he was going to get just to frustrate him, but it didn't matter. He was gone, and within moments he was squirting his come all over his chest. Just beautiful, really.

“Later that day I got him in trouble using a technique I had worked out at that point. I told mom that Nick was ‘showing attitude,’ a key phrase that meant a pretty serious punishment for him. It was super-easy, and I didn’t need to explain much, I can’t even remember what I said at that particular time. Probably something to do with me assigning him a task, or his failure to do something to my specifications, the point being that he had supposedly displayed some attitude toward me, which set mom off. She had no tolerance for boys displaying a bad attitude. This meant that not only was he in for punishment, but it was going to be really bad for him. Which meant fun for me. Within minutes he had his pants down to his ankles, and she was turning his ass bright red. Which was also just beautiful. Maybe even more so than watching him come.”

Chapter 3

“It was at some point in the middle of summer that really kind of out of nowhere mom comes to me and says that I should learn how to put a boy in his place. I wasn’t sure what she meant, but I liked the sound of it. She told me to follow her downstairs, and she called out for Dick to join us in the basement. He knew well enough at that point to comply immediately with a direct order from her, so he was there in moments, his hands still wet and soapy from scrubbing the kitchen floor.

“She directed him to stand at attention in the middle of the room, then she turned to me and asked me if I thought that Nick had any authority over me. I think I probably laughed at the thought and said *No*, which made her happy to hear. Then she asked me if I thought that I had any authority over him. I said *Yes, of course*, since at that point I did. She liked that response, so she wanted clarification. She asked if I thought I had complete authority over him, such that he might be compelled to do anything I told him to. I thought about it, then said *Yes, I believe so*. This gave her pause. *You believe so?* she asked. I think that she was put off by me not sounding completely certain about it. *Why don’t we put it to a test*, she said, which made me curious.

“I was intrigued by the idea of testing this hypothesis as well, so I nodded my agreement. *Tell him to take off his clothes before you*, she said, which surprised me. I mean, he’d had his clothes off for punishment before, but that just seemed to be a requirement of the punishment itself, not a thing unto itself just to test his obedience. So I turned to Nick and told him to take off his clothes. He looked really nervous, since he was clearly in the middle of a game and he didn’t know the rules. Or rather, he did know the one rule, which was that he had to do whatever he was told to do. His eyes darted back and forth, like there might be some way out of this predicament, but of course there wasn’t. He eventually figured that out and began taking off his clothes. When he was naked, he returned to attention, because at least he wasn’t an idiot. He knew he had to be on his best behavior, and follow directions, otherwise whatever punishment was coming his way was going to be so much worse.

“See? mom said, regarding Nick standing there completely naked. At least he recognizes your complete authority, and he responded out of fear. This is how you must treat boys. Never let them think that they have any power in a negotiation. In fact, never let them think that they have any ability to negotiate at all. Instead, they should recognize that following orders is their only course of action. To do this, you must establish that any disobedience will be met with punishment. Which is why I would like you to demonstrate for him the kind of punishment he will receive if he disrespects you in any way.

“She handed me a leather belt at this point, which I guess she had ready on a side table the whole time, I just hadn’t noticed. I took the belt, and at her direction, stood to one side of Nick. *Let him know that you expect an appropriate attitude throughout his punishment*, she said. I repeated what she’d said to Nick, who nodded his head as though he understood.

“I whipped Dick’s ass with the leather belt, and even though mom was standing there watching, it was still fun, in part because I could see how effective this was going to be to have Dick afraid of what I might do to him if he didn’t do what I said. Really, that was the best part of the arrangement that I had a boy who was terrified of being disobedient with me. It meant that I could make him do anything I wanted at any time. At the time it was a

novelty since I had never experienced anything like that before. I had no idea that I could live my life that way.”

“I am grateful for that element of our upbringing,” Kayla observed. “I don’t know if that was mom’s intention, but it’s clearly a superior lifestyle to have a man that submits to female authority.”

Kayla ran her fingers through James’s hair, stroking it, then gathered a fistful and pulled his head back.

“Don’t you agree James?” she asked sweetly.

“Yes, Kayla,” he replied.

Dahlia had a look of approval on her face.

“Nice,” Dahlia commented. “I like to see a man that knows his place.”

“After that, was it different between you and Nick?” Kayla asked. “As you know, there was a similar thing that happened with James, where at some point I just straight up asked mom if I could more-or-less assume the responsibility for his punishment. I was actually kind of surprised when she consented to that. I was hoping she might at least tell him that he had to obey me specifically, but instead she just completely put me in charge of him. It was really freeing to be able to inform him that from now on I was going to be delivering his punishment, so his behavior would be adjusted to my specification. Like it is now,” she said while giving James a pat on the head.

“Is it, Penis?” Dahlia asked. “Do you modify your behavior to my sister’s specifications?”

“Yes, of course,” James replied. “It’s a privilege to obey her.”

Kayla flashed him a smile.

“Nice answer, Penis,” Dahlia replied. “And to answer your question, Kayla, yes. Dick had always been as respectful as he could be toward me, but then it became something more than that. He began to show signs of understanding a more profound and meaningful obedience. It was really gratifying to watch him make that transition.”

“Absolutely,” Kayla agreed. “That is one of the most rewarding things to having a relationship with a boy, I think. So, looking back on it, what would you say is the most humiliating thing you had him do?”

“I have no idea what *he* would say is the most humiliating thing I had him do, but I would think it would be when I had two of my closest girlfriends over and we made him and another boy strip for our amusement. The two girlfriends were Jenny and Sonya. You remember them, right?”

“Yeah,” Kayla replied. “I mean I remember Sonya, I’m pretty sure. She was the really pretty girl with the really nice rack, right?”

“Rack? Did you just say rack?” Dahlia said incredulously.

Kayla laughed.

“Yeah, I don’t know what else to call it, because everyone noticed what a sweet pair of tits she had.”

“Oh my God, I did not come here for this!” Dahlia exclaimed in mock exhaustion. “Enough about Sonya’s breasts! I heard about them all the time at school because all the boys were all over her. They weren’t even that big,” Dahlia protested.

“No, you’re right, but c’mon, you have to give it to her that she had that going for her. She wasn’t as *well-rounded* as you,” Kayla stressed, clearly implying a compliment.

"No, you're right. I shouldn't be greedy. But this is way off-topic. I was hanging out with Jenny and Sonya at the time. I hadn't met my girlfriend Olivia yet. You remember Olivia, right?" she asked James.

"Yes, I do," James replied, recalling the afternoon Dahlia made him take off his clothes and masturbate for her and her friend.

"And you weren't that embarrassed, were you, Penis?" Dahlia asked James.

James still had difficulty in responding to his nickname, but he focused his attention on the moment in question. He recalled his trepidation when Dahlia made him play with himself in front of her and her friend Olivia.

"It was definitely intimidating," he admitted. "Taking off my clothes in front of your friend was embarrassing, and I'd never masturbated in front of anyone before."

"That's not true!" Kayla corrected him.

"Oh, right," James recalled. "But that was different because I thought I was alone."

Kayla laughed, remembering the day she observed him in the shower.

"OK, I've got to ask you, Kayla," Dahlia began, "how long were you standing there watching him before he turned around and saw you?"

Kayla smiled, and she had a devious look in her eyes.

"Oh, just a minute or two," she replied, with a shrug of her shoulders. "At first, I was just taking in the sight of his bare butt, and the water streaming down over him. It felt like I had every right to look at him, since he was in our house, and, you know, there wasn't a door to the room. It was kind of implied that James didn't have any right to privacy. So, I thought, why not take advantage? Then I realized that he was playing with himself, and it actually made me kind of mad in the moment. I thought how dare he think that he can masturbate when he is a guest in our house? That's when I just started staring at him, waiting for him to turn around and notice me watching and realize that he'd been busted, essentially. And I knew that he was going to be in a lot of trouble, and I kind of liked that part. It definitely seemed like he deserved to get in trouble at that point. He brought it on himself."

Dahlia laughed and flashed James a look.

"I guess you learned your lesson, Penis," she said, gloating.

James turned red in the face.

"It hadn't occurred to me how much trouble I would be in," James replied, "and I had no idea that she would punish me the way that she did. But I did not make that mistake again."

"Honestly?" Dahlia asked. "Are you saying that you did not masturbate at any time after that when you were living in our house?"

James looked sheepish.

"Well, I mean, not when I was in the shower," James admitted.

Kayla and Dahlia both laughed.

"See?" Dahlia said. "This is why boys need to be put in their place. They have so much trouble with self-control. That's why they need to have control taken away from them."

"What are you proposing, exactly?" Kayla asked.

"A chastity cage with a lock," Dahlia pronounced with finality. "Have you considered doing that?"

"Locking up James? Yeah, I've thought about it. But it hadn't gone any further than looking at photos online."

James looked surprised, since Kayla hadn't mentioned that she'd been thinking about it.

“Since you mention it,” Dahlia replied, “the thing the bothers me about the websites that sell cock cages and stuff like that is when the photo is just the device like lying on a table or something. I so hate that. They should show it on a guy or not at all. I can’t really see what it’s going to look like if there isn’t a guy wearing it.”

“I know what you mean,” Kayla agreed. “I need to get a look at it in use, so to speak. What the guy looks like wearing it is really important. I just haven’t found one that looks like what I want. There are a few styles that are close, but I just haven’t found one that looks perfectly suited to my needs.”

“OK, I’ll send you some links that might help. A girl should have the option of locking up her man, and the hardware should be exactly what she wants,” Dahlia claimed.

“Anyway, right. My girlfriend Olivia. Yeah, she’s a cool girl, but she was still living upstate, so I hadn’t met her yet. Anyway, Jenny and Sonya and I spent a few hours making Dick do stuff while we watched. Jenny had never seen a naked guy in real life, and Sonya had only seen one guy completely naked, and that was her brother.”

“What? Really? Her brother?” Kayla asked.

“Yeah, she told me about how her brother Tyler would be punished naked, or at least with his pants down, so she had seen him like that.”

“I guess I never really thought about it, since I only had sisters. I have no idea what it would be like to have a brother, for one thing, and to see him naked ... I just wonder what that would be like.”

“From what Sonya told me, it wasn’t much different from what we experienced. Her mom was really strict with Tyler, so he got punished a lot, and to really make an impact, he was punished with a cane.”

“A cane? Like, what, a cane?” Kayla wondered.

Dahlia laughed.

“Not like an old man’s cane. It’s more like the birch rod mom would use. I have heard that it really stings a lot, and it really hurts.”

“Oh, cool. I will have to look into that,” Kayla replied.

James inhaled sharply.

“Yeah, I was over at her house one day when it happened. I mean, it didn’t just happen, Sonya made it happen. We were bored with whatever we were doing, so she got this mischievous look in her eyes and asked me if I wanted to see something funny. I had no idea what she was talking about. She called her brother into her room, and he showed up looking kind of terrified, because he was accustomed to her doing really evil things to him. Which was exactly what she had planned, so he was right to be on edge. She told him to open the top drawer of her dresser. I was curious about what she was doing, and Tyler was really hesitant, but he knew better than to disobey his sister.

“He opened the drawer, and Sonya told him to reach in and take a pair of panties. This was the point where he actually started to object, since he knew that something was up. She did this thing with her voice where she lowered it and over-enunciated each word to let him know that she was serious, and that he was going to do exactly what she told him to do. It was inspiring, really. I was riveted because I was watching this dynamic that she had developed with him over who knows how long. He had this really nervous look on his face as he gave in and did as he was told.

“He reached into the drawer, barely even looking so that he could keep his eyes on her. He picked up some random pair of panties. Then she told him to put them in his pocket. Tyler had a look on his face like he might cry, but he dutifully put the panties in the pocket of his pants, at which point Sonya called out to her mom really loud. Tyler’s eyes suddenly widened, and he had this deer-in-the-headlights look because I think he had just worked out what her game was.

“Sonya’s mom comes into the room and Sonya has jumped up off the bed and she pointed at her brother. *I came into my room and caught Tyler trying to steal a pair of my panties!* she blurted out, which was hilarious, because it was at that moment that I realized what her plan had been. This was the really funny thing she had promised me moments ago. *He stuck them in his pocket and tried to deny it!* Sonya continued, and her performance was remarkably believable. I almost bought it, and I had witnessed her engineering the whole thing. Sonya’s mom turned to Tyler and the look on her face was terrifying. She looked down, and oh my God, but a little bit of lacy pink fabric was sticking out of his pocket.” Kayla laughed.

“Really? That’s too perfect!” she exclaimed.

“I know,” Dahlia replied. “It was hard to keep a straight face. Sonya’s mom reached down and yanked the panties out of his pocket, then said the word ‘position’ to Tyler. She said it in this voice that was really serious, and apparently Tyler knew exactly what it meant. Sonya’s mom turned to leave the room as Tyler immediately began unbuttoning his pants. He gave his sister a really nasty look, which prompted her to say *Don’t give me that look* in a forced whisper.

“Tyler pulled his pants and underwear down to his mid-thighs, then raised his arms and placed his hands behind his head. *You know I didn’t do anything!* he shot back, but Sonya silenced him by just pointing her finger at him, which was impressive. Apparently, he knew that she could make it a lot worse for him. *Just stand there and take your punishment, tiny dick,* she said in a dismissive tone of voice. He stood at attention like that, and I had to look just out of curiosity. And yeah, Sonya was right, he did have a tiny dick.

“Her mom reappeared with this long, thin rod, and pressed it against Tyler’s butt. He had this really adorable look of fear on his face, which was fascinating to me. I guess he knew what was coming. His mom asked why he had tried to steal his sister’s panties, and at first, he tried to explain that he hadn’t done any such thing. That was not going to go well for him. *Are you calling your sister a liar?* his mom asked. She didn’t wait for a response, she just said *How dare you,* and started whipping him across his bare ass.

“This was more fun to watch than I might have expected, because Tyler was trying so hard to not start crying, since that would have been even more humiliating than it already was. Still, it was obvious that it really hurt a lot. Sonya turned to look at me and she wasn’t trying to hide the fact that she was laughing at him. When Tyler had gotten his butt thrashed good and hard, his mom paused and asked him if he was ready to confess. I guess he’s not an idiot, because he said yes, he was prepared to confess. He said that he had come into her room and tried to steal a pair of panties. I had to bite my lip to keep from laughing because this put him in another predicament. *What did you intend to do with them?* His mom asked. I could see Tyler thinking, trying to come up with the least offensive option.”

“Yeah, like what could he possibly say that wouldn’t make it worse for him?” Kayla interjected.

"I know, right?" Dahlia replied. "So he said that he hadn't intended to do anything with them, he was just trying to be mean. Still not very good for him, but better than any other option. Then his mom started whipping him again. I could tell that this hurt even more than the first round, since he was already sore. Then she turned to Sonya and me and asked us if we thought his punishment had been sufficient. Sonya said *No*, which was not a surprise, but then her mom turned to me and asked what I thought. I was kind of put on the spot, but I managed to say that I hadn't yet heard him apologize to his sister. This obviously appealed to Sonya's mom, since she turned to Tyler and demanded to hear him apologize to her. He did an acceptable job at saying that he was sorry for what he had done, but it wasn't the best apology I've ever heard.

"At any rate, he then got a third round across his butt. When his mom was finished whipping him, she just left the room. She didn't make him stand in place to think about what he had done like our mom would have done. Tyler was about to pull up his pants to leave, when Sonya said *Stop*, in a loud, clear voice. Tyler did stop, out of fear of what his sister might do next. He stood there with his hands on the waistband of his pants, looking nervous, while Sonya asked me if that wasn't the smallest penis I had ever seen. I had to tell the truth, which was yes, that was in fact the smallest penis I had ever seen. Then she let Tyler off the hook, and he disappeared as quickly as he could.

"Sonya turned to me and asked what I thought of that, to which I had to admit that it was funnier than advertised, and that I was entertained. I asked her how often that happened, and she shrugged her shoulders and said that it happened every once in a while. She thought it helped keep him in his place. She thought it was really funny and she liked the opportunity to tease him about it afterward. She would laugh about how small his dick was and that he totally deserved the beating he'd gotten.

"This gave me an idea. It struck me that it would be hilarious to make fun of a boy about the size of his penis, but the problem was that Dick was so huge that it wasn't going to have the same effect. I couldn't see how Dick was going to be really embarrassed by anything I said about his size, so I was going to have to find someone who was a lot smaller. Then it occurred to me that Dick's dick size might actually help me do that, because I could compare them side-by-side. So that's how I landed on the idea that I was going to have to get another boy under my control. I thought about Tyler, since he was constantly under the threat of being punished, and I might have some leverage there. Sonya could probably get him to do anything she wanted him to just by threatening to get him in trouble. I thought about this for a while.

"Then I thought about another option, which was David Atkins. David was this boy at school who had a crush on me, for obvious reasons," Dahlia said with a sly smile.

"Right, because you're gorgeous," Kayla observed.

"Thank you," Dahlia replied.

"And yes, I totally remember David," Kayla added. "Why did you choose him?"

"The reason I picked him is that there was a rumor that he had a small penis. I had a boy I knew confirm this for me by observing him in the shower room. So, he seemed perfect for my purposes. Planning this became something I fixated on. I started talking to David, and he was more receptive than I thought he might be. It didn't really take a lot of work to get him into a position where he was going to do whatever I wanted him to. I just had to introduce him to the rules."

Kayla laughed.

“How did he respond to having a new set of rules for how to conduct himself?” Kayla asked. “Impressive, really, I have to admit,” Dahlia replied. “He made it really easy for me by being willing to follow orders and do whatever I told him to. I would do little things, like walk up to him at school and drop the pen that I was holding. I’d tell him to pick it up. He’d do it, hand it to me, and I’d take it and then just continue on down the hall. Or if I was standing near him in a crowd, or something like that, I would just reach down and flick my finger across the front of his pants. You know, just little things to let him come to terms with the fact that I could do whatever I wanted to him.

“It was interesting, since I hadn’t paid any attention to him before that. I didn’t think of him as my type or anything. He was cute, in a way, and his body was nice, but there wasn’t any, you know, chemistry between us. Plus, you know, tiny dick. I just wanted to use him for my dark purposes,” she explained with a laugh, rubbing her hands together like a cartoon villain.

“So now I’m putting this plan in motion. The situation was pretty perfect. Mom was out of the house for the day, doing that weird job she had at the time. Lara was away at school, and you were at summer camp,” she said, indicating Kayla. “Sonya and Jenny showed up, and we had the house to ourselves. I could see that they were kind of nervous, since they were unsure of what was going to happen. I don’t think they quite realized that we had the boys in a very compromising position, and they were going to do whatever we told them to do. All that was really required was to assign them a task and they’d do it. No matter what it was.

“David showed up around half an hour later, and he looked like he was going to pee his pants because he was so terrified of what was going to happen. That totally made me laugh, because I knew that it was going to be even worse than he might have imagined. Dick had been waiting upstairs, which I had told him to do, because I wanted Sonya and Jenny to get comfortable. I brought him downstairs and had him stand in the middle of the room with David. Me and the two girls sat on the sofa that we used to have in the basement.”

“I remember that, why did we get rid of it?” Kayla interjected.

“Because it was ugly and mom hated it. I think it’s something left over from when she was still married to dad. It had such a ‘young bachelor’ look to it. Plus, it was old. Anyway, we had the two boys standing there waiting for one of us to say something. They looked nervous, but we were in no hurry. We had all day to play with them, so we were going to take our time. First, I had each of the boys introduce themselves like we didn’t know them, like we were judging them. Which we kind of were. Then we basically played truth or dare, beginning with a series of questions that they had to answer honestly. I warned them that the punishment for lying would be severe, which wasn’t an empty threat.

“The questions were going to be embarrassing for them, so I wanted them to know that the consequences for lying were going to be worse than any embarrassment they might feel. I started asking them questions about random girls at school. I wanted them to confess if they had ever thought about any particular girl, and if they had ever fantasized about them. David admitted that he had fantasized about me, so I began grilling him about it, making him tell me if and when he had masturbated while having these fantasies. He turned bright red, but we could tell that he was telling the truth when he confessed to having played with

himself while thinking about me. After we had some fun with this, we decided that we needed to see the boys naked.”

“I would think so,” Kayla said.

“They were clearly really embarrassed, which made it really fun for us,” Dahlia said with a laugh. “We made them play with themselves, of course, because we wanted to see them get hard. Once they were hard, we made them stop because we didn’t want them to come. At this point it was really interesting because Dick was pretty much twice the size of David, and we could see that David had noticed this and was really embarrassed about it. So of course, I started teasing him about it,” Dahlia relayed with a laugh.

“Of course you did,” Kayla said with a smile. “How did he take it?”

“It depends on what you mean. Was he really, deeply, profoundly humiliated to the point that he looked like he might cry? Yes,” Dahlia replied, laughing. “And did he recognize that there was nothing he could do but just stand there while the three of us teased him about the size of his dick? Also, yes!”

“So what happened next? Did you make the two of them play with each other?” Kayla asked.

“Not at that point. At first it we were just fascinated with the fact that we could have this control over them, and we wanted to make them do humiliating things. We hadn’t yet thought of how embarrassed they would be to have to touch each other. We had them swing their hips back and forth to make their dicks swing back and forth, because that shit’s funny.

“Then Sonya suggested they both do the helicopter. Jenny and I had never heard of this, so she explained that the guy moves his hips to make his dick swing around in a circle. They both had to work at it a bit, but after a bit, Dick figured out how to do it. We seriously could not stop laughing. We kept saying *Faster!* to encourage him to try harder. He got all red in the face because we were just openly humiliating him for our amusement. David couldn’t really do it because his dick was too small, which was even funnier.

“Then we made each of the boys lubricate their fingers and stick them up their ass, which was hilarious. They had to stand in the middle of the room and first stick one finger, then two, then three up their butt and fuck themselves in the ass while we watched. I had told Jenny and Sonya about how Dick had to do that anyway as prescribed by our doctor.

“Then I remembered that I had this dildo I got as a joke. I had planned to give it to this one girlfriend at school because I thought it would be funny, but I never did. I remembered I still had it, so I got it out and it was so enormous. We voted on who should put it in his ass, and we decided it would be David after a lot of debate. It took him something like five minutes just to stick it in his ass, but then he started really riding it. The funny thing was that he still had an erection while he was fucking himself with the dildo, which we teased him about pretty relentlessly, in part because we were kind of fascinated by it. We had to wonder if he wasn’t gay, because we had no idea that a guy might still have an erection with a dildo up his ass. We were pretty naïve about stuff like that.”

“Didn’t you buy yourself a strap-on at one point?” Kayla asked.

“No, I made my boy-toy Devon buy it, but yes, I wanted to see what it would be like to fuck a guy in the ass. It’s just that I hadn’t thought of it back then.”

“Interesting. I’ve been wondering if I might like to do that with James,” Kayla mused. James raised one eyebrow.

"After that, we came up with games like fetch," Dahlia continued. "We would find things to throw and make the boys crawl on their hands and knees and pick up whatever it was in their mouths and return it. David still had the dildo in his ass, which was hilarious. We made it a competition, and whoever lost would have a punishment of some kind."

"Like what?" Kayla asked, her interest piqued.

"You remember when we had a ping pong table set up in the basement?"

"Yeah, mom was really annoyed by the sound of it."

"She got rid of the table, but for some reason we still had the paddles."

"So you paddled their butts?" Kayla asked, laughing at the thought.

Dahlia had a sinister twinkle in her eyes.

"At first. It seemed to motivate them, and it was fun. And then we paddled their balls."

James couldn't suppress a groan, which made Kayla and Dahlia both laugh.

"Then we used Icy-Hot on their balls, and it turns out, that is really entertaining. If you ever want to get a guy's attention, just rub some Icy-Hot on his balls. You will find the result to be very amusing. Anyway, after we felt that we had exhausted the possibilities, we allowed them to kneel before us and jerk themselves off. It seemed like a fitting conclusion to the day that they would show their appreciation by masturbating for us."

"Interesting choice that you let them come," Kayla stated.

"We wanted to see it," Dahlia explained. "We thought it would be interesting to watch, so we had them get on their knees and perform a show for us. Of course, we had to raise the stakes, so we made that a competition too."

Kayla laughed.

"We decided that the last one to make himself come had to kiss the other one on the dick. I mean, it was hilarious just telling them that, and the looks on their faces were priceless. But they knew we were serious, so they had to do it. Then it got really interesting because at this point, with everything we had done to them so far that day, they were both so humiliated that they were kind of in a daze. And after all that, having to make themselves ejaculate while the three of us watched was clearly going to be really embarrassing for them. Which was spectacular. I just can't tell you how much fun it is to watch a boy jerk himself off when you've humiliated the fuck out of him, and two is even better."

"Well then I absolutely must know who had to kiss whose dick," Kayla demanded.

Dahlia laughed.

"David had to kiss Dick on the dick, since he couldn't make himself come fast enough. That whole part of it was really, really funny, because the moment Dick made himself come, leaning back as instructed to come all over his chest, we started laughing. The look on David's face as he realized that he still had to make himself come with the prospect of having to touch his lips to another boy's cock was so perfect. Of course, we taunted him and teased him about it. We told him to just start fantasizing about kissing that big fat dick and he'd finish in no time. And we asked him if it didn't feel good to know that he was going to be paying his respect to a superior cock. We were so mean, but it was fun. We reasoned, why not? It's fun to torture boys."

"I can't agree with that more," Kayla replied. "Speaking of that, what was the most torturous experience for Nick? I mean, like, the most painful for him?"

"When he had to leave, of course, and was no longer my plaything. But physically, it would probably be the afternoon we had toward the end of his time in our house. This was also

one of the sweetest things he did for me. It was actually really touching. A few days before it happened, this was at night, and I had him going down on me. He had learned so much about how to worship a girl with his tongue, and he was making me come multiple times at this point. I wasn't sure if I was going to be able to orgasm one final time that evening, but then I started fantasizing about having him offer himself to me for a thorough whipping, so I told him that was what I wanted. When he agreed, I had an orgasm almost immediately afterward."

"That always works for me as well," Kayla said. "Whenever James offers himself to me for a thorough punishment, especially when he's licking me, I come right away after that."

"Yeah, so a few days later, it's the middle of the afternoon, and we have the house to ourselves. I tell Dick that it's time for his punishment, and I take him into the storage room and bind his wrists up overhead. He still has his shorts on since I always like taking those off myself. Ideally, they come off when I say they do, and there's nothing a boy can do about it because he's tied up," Dahlia admitted, laughing. "Once I've stripped him naked, I have this feeling of calm come over me. I'm in no hurry. Dick isn't going anywhere, and I've got time to really enjoy the process."

"Process?" Kayla questioned with a chuckle.

"Yes, Kayla, it's a process," Dahlia explained with a tone of bemusement. "First, you need to assess the boy's readiness to undergo what will be an extravagantly painful and humiliating experience for him. Explain to him what is going to happen so that he can appreciate all of what he will be expected to endure. Now, don't get me wrong. I might sound like I knew exactly what I am doing at this point, but of course I didn't. I was really just figuring it out. But it had already occurred to me that this was an opportunity to observe a boy contemplating the fact that his fate was entirely in my hands. The fact that he had an erection for me was so satisfying to observe. He remained hard throughout his punishment. I appreciated that.

"I had selected for his punishment a long, thin, whip, which I would later learn is called a dressage whip. Mom had never used it to my knowledge, so I felt that I could make it mine, so to speak. I started out on his calves. I whipped him across the back of his calves, then slowly moved up the back of his thighs. I lingered at the top of the back of his thighs, just below the curve of his butt. Then I move around in front, and whip the front, and in-between his thighs. Then I face him directly and whip him on either side of his hips. Then his chest, which was way more beautiful to observe than I might have thought. I have since become an aficionado of whipping a boy across the chest. Then I whipped him across his shoulders and upper back, which was really nice, then I finished by whipping him across the ass. Now, I say finished, but of course I was not actually done with him. I repeated this course of punishment, across the front and the back of him twice more, increasing the intensity each time. He actually started to cry during the third round, which was really beautiful to witness. By the time I was done and I had untied him, he was barely able to stand. I offered to help him, but he expressed a preference for lowering himself to his knees before me, which I found charming. It was so nice to see him truly appreciate my superiority in that moment. It's stupid that I had to give him a thrashing to get to that point, but I enjoyed it all the same. At least he came to respect my ability in punishing him beyond anything he had experienced before."

"Wow," Kayla exclaimed. "I am so impressed with you, like always."

"Thank you. I endeavor to be an inspiration," Dahlia replied, laughing.

"Here, check this out," Dahlia said, abruptly changing the topic. She had her phone out and she was looking through her contacts. She dictated everything into her phone rather than typing, so James and Kayla heard the entirety of the text she was sending.

"Hey, Dick, I want you to write 'Dahlia' on your erect cock with black marker. Make it nice and dark. Take a picture and send it to me. You have ten minutes." Dahlia checked the message, then pressed send. She looked up at Kayla. "What?" she asked.

"Nothing," Kayla replied. "I'm just amused. Will he actually do it? Take the picture and everything, I mean."

"Yeah, of course," Dahlia replied, sounding like she took offense at the suggestion that he might not do exactly what she told him to do.

"But isn't the time difference, like, what's the time difference?"

"It's, um, hours. But it doesn't matter what time it is, it only matters that he does what I tell him to do."

Just over nine minutes elapsed before Dahlia's phone emitted a tone. She looked at it, smiled, then showed it to Kayla and James. As she had dictated, the image was that of a fully erect and impressively large cock, with Dahlia's name written down the length of the shaft.

"That's some fucking obedience right there," Dahlia assessed.

"Very impressive," Kayla seconded. "See, James? I didn't see Nick getting all pissy about a black marker staining the carpet."

James smiled and nodded. He saw no benefit to getting into it again with Kayla about the black marker. Also, he was a bit taken aback by the size of Nick's cock and it had him feeling a bit insecure. Dahlia seemed to pick up on this and had a smirk on her face as a result.

"Tell me Kayla," Dahlia asked, "are you completely satisfied with the size of James's cock? I only ask because clearly, you could have a guy with more to offer."

"James is perfect because one, I'm tiny if you know what I mean, and two, it's big enough for me and small enough that I can tease him about it if I want. So, like I said, perfect. "By the way, here's what I was thinking. James, pull down your pants."

James hesitated, glancing at Dahlia before giving Kayla a questioning look.

"James!" Kayla exclaimed. "Now!"

James hurriedly began unzipping his pants to pull them down.

"You're going to get a whipping for hesitating. How dare you humiliate me in front of my sister, making her think my boyfriend is disobedient. Besides, it's nothing she hasn't seen already. You should be ashamed of yourself."

James now had his pants and his underwear pulled down to mid-thigh. He was standing at attention.

"Now what I was thinking is that I get a tattoo of my name right here," Kayla explained, indicating the area directly above James's cock. "He's been shaved here, well, now it's waxed, but I'm going to keep him hairless all around his cock and balls, so this would be a nice place for like a really beautiful graphic of my name."

"Just your name?" Dahlia asked. "Not something like 'Kayla's bitch?'"

"I've thought about it, but I like the simplicity of just his owner's name. I mean, it's not like he doesn't know he's my bitch," Kayla said with a laugh.

"Can you have his cock tattooed?"

"I don't know if I'd like that. Again, it's crossed my mind, but he has such a beautiful dick already."

"I believe you mentioned that he deserves a whipping for hesitating?"

"I did. Would you like to watch?"

"Yeah, I want to see if he really has learned his lesson. He always used to act like such a child when he got a punishment. He'd pout and be in a bad mood, like it was the biggest thing in the world to take a beating across the ass. I mean, there were times when it wasn't even that much fun to watch, because he'd be such an asshole about it."

Kayla picked up James's leather belt.

"Across the back of the chair, James," she demanded.

James leaned over the back of the chair and placed his hands flat on the seat. Kayla lined up her body perpendicular with his, then unleashed a dozen strokes of the belt across his bare ass. Dahlia observed the expression in his face and was fairly impressed with the fact that he seemed to take it well. He'd wince at the pain of the belt, but he didn't look resentful or even annoyed. Instead, he looked like he appreciated Kayla's correction of his behavior and was suitably impressed with her skill. And Dahlia could see that in spite of her size, her sister had a fairly muscular arm.

When Kayla was satisfied with the whipping she'd given James, she gave his butt cheek a little squeeze. This apparently was her way of letting him know that he could return to a standing position.

"Thank you, Kayla," James said.

"You're welcome, James," Kayla said while stroking the side of his face. "You may have a seat now."

James sat down gingerly, and Kayla tossed the belt onto the bed and returned to her seat beside him.

"That was very nice, little sister," Dahlia said.

"Thank you, big sister," Kayla replied.

Kayla took a sip of her drink, then cocked her head to one side.

"Wait, I don't recall you saying anything about Ms. Holden," Kayla mused. "She was around at that time, right?"

"Yeah, she moved in across the street a year or two before that," Dahlia explained. "I know that at some point Dick ended up going over there. He didn't say much about what happened, but I noticed one day that he was completely shaved, and he was wearing panties as well. I think he was trying to sneak into the house without anyone noticing, but of course something like that wasn't going to escape my observation."

"James tried the same thing," Kayla recalled, laughing at the thought. "As though a boy in panties was going to slip by unnoticed."

"I know, right? But when Dick would go over there, I think she would have him in full lingerie. Like with stockings and a garter belt. I recall seeing marks on his skin that made it look like he had been wearing a full set. I should ask him."

"Do you have any idea how that all happened? That was such a weird thing."

"I have no idea how the thing with Ms. Holden came about," Dahlia replied. "I have come to suspect that she and mom had come to some kind of an arrangement. Maybe Lara would know."

“Say, James, you still have all of the little panties that Ms. Holden gave you, right?” Kayla asked.

“Yes,” he admitted, looking a bit embarrassed. “Not for any reason, I just haven’t had any motivation to throw them away.”

“Good. We want to see them. I think a fashion show is in order, don’t you think?” she directed to Dahlia.

Dahlia clapped her hands enthusiastically.

“Absofuckinglutely! A proper fashion show where you come out wearing a new little outfit one at a time.”

James looked to Kayla, and he could clearly see that she was being serious.

“Don’t look at me like that, James. There’s no getting out of it, so scoot your butt over to the closet and start showing us the goods.”

James recognized the look Kayla was giving him. It meant that he was expected to go along with whatever she said, and it was going to be a lot easier for him to agree. She also triggered in him a desire to please her, and there was nothing he could object to if it made her happy. He went over to the closet where he had tucked all of the panties he had received and pulled out the first pair. It made sense to model them in chronological order, so he took off his clothes and put on the tiny white lace thong he’d first been given to wear while mowing the lawn. They fit just as tightly as they had almost a year before. It seemed like a lifetime ago.

When he had pulled them into place, he walked out into the middle of the room. Kayla and Dahlia made the expected cheers and whistles and encouraged him to spin around so they could see how much the panties left exposed. Which was practically everything. They encouraged him to come closer, and Kayla gave him a swat of her hand across his butt. When they were satisfied with their perusal, they sent him to try on the next pair, which were pale pink just barely covered him in front. Kayla and Dahlia were endlessly amused with the small pink bow on the back, as well as the fact that the material in front was stretched tightly and barely covered him. The third pair was a sparkly, silver color, and it was completely see-through. The material in front was a narrow strip, a bit narrower than the width of his cock.

“Do you remember making him do jumping jacks when he came home wearing these?” Dahlia asked.

“Of course I remember. I still laugh about the sight of that,” Kayla replied.

The fourth pair was a surprise, since Ms. Holden had given them to James when he left the Striker household. Kayla and Dahlia had never seen him wearing them. James pulled them up his thighs and arranged them in place. This pair of panties had no panel in front. They were just strands of black silk in a triangular shape which framed his cock and balls. A horizontal strand went across the front, just above the rim of the head of his cock.

“Oh my God, those aren’t even panties!” Dahlia exclaimed. “You’re just fucking naked!”

“Better than naked, I think,” Kayla chimed in. “Those straps look tight, and the objectification is so perfect. Why have I never seen those before? You should wear that more often, James.”

“They’re not very practical,” James observed. “They don’t really do the job they are supposed to do.”

“Yes they do, you just don’t realize what it is they are doing,” Dahlia explained. “They are meant to be sexy and revealing, and at that, they are quite exquisite. Now come over here and have a drink with us wearing your cute little panties.”

James was unable to refuse, so he sat down on the wooden chair, wishing he had furniture that was more comfortable on his bare butt.

“Um, don’t get comfortable,” Kayla warned. She lifted up her empty glass and shook it back and forth.

“Right,” James said as he got up again and collected the three glasses for a re-fill.

Chapter 4

"All right, kids," Dahlia pronounced as she finished her drink, "I thank you for your gracious hospitality, but I must take my leave now."

"We're missing you already, dearest sister," Kayla replied over-dramatically.

"Whatever will you do without me?" Dahlia asked, then had a second thought. "Actually, don't tell me. I know exactly what you two are going to do without me."

Kayla laughed, and James couldn't repress a smile.

"I don't want to be a buzzkill," James said, "but you have been drinking. Are you sure you should be driving?"

Dahlia regarded James, her eyes lowering to glance at the overly revealing pair of panties he was wearing.

"Don't worry," she replied. "I'm not driving."

"But I thought you ..." Kayla began. "Wait, don't tell me—"

"Why of course, Kayla," Dahlia reassured her. "I wouldn't have come here without my driver."

"He's been waiting in the car this whole time?" Kayla asked.

Dahlia laughed.

"There is nothing Devon likes more than to wait on me," she said. "I wanted time with you alone, and it's a privilege for him to serve me. He knows his place, don't worry. I just have to keep from breaking my neck walking down these stairs," she added, indicating the long flight from the door of the apartment to the ground below.

"Would you like any assistance?" James offered.

Dahlia had the front door open, but she paused to look back at James.

"While it would absolutely delight me to have you escort me down the stairs wearing *that*," she said, "I have confidence that I will be fine. Good night you two."

Dahlia exited through the door, and Kayla watched her sister navigate the stairs until she was safely on the ground level. She closed the door and turned back to James.

"That was so sweet of you to offer to help her down the stairs," she said as she approached and gathered James in her arms. "Especially dressed as you are." She kissed him as she contemplated doing precisely what her sister had suggested they might do the moment she left.

* * *

Dahlia approached the car as Devon held the passenger-side door open for her.

"Thank you," she offered as she maneuvered her curvaceous rear end onto the car seat. The car was engine running, having been started the moment she left the apartment, and it was warm. Devon closed the door and came around the back of the car to climb into the driver's seat.

"Are you ready, Dahlia?" Devon asked.

"Yes, I am," she replied.

As Devon put the car in gear and began the drive home, she reached over and placed her hand between his legs. She unzipped his trousers and slipped her hand inside. She could

feel the metal cage that entrapped Devon's cock, as well as the small brass padlock whose key she kept in her purse.

"Hmm, I love the feel of stainless steel between a man's legs," she observed. "Ownership has its privileges."

"Yes, Dahlia," Devon replied.

* * *

Kayla looked up at James, her head cocked to one side, which was a posture James found to be adorable.

"So, what did you think of all that?" she asked.

James smiled, his eyes displaying a look of wonderment.

"That," he replied, "was remarkable. Your sister, well, really, your whole family, is impressive. They both terrify me and fascinate me."

"Do I terrify you and fascinate you?" Kayla asked in a kittenish voice.

"Endlessly," James replied. "But I am so curious about what made your mom the way she is. It was such a shock to encounter her, since I had never experienced anything like that. And then to hear the story of that friend of Dahlia's, Sonya?"

"Yeah. You mean what happened with her brother?"

"Tyler, I think she called him. It sounded like he had an experience a lot like I did, and like Nick did, where he was getting punished regularly and in a really embarrassing way, where the humiliation of it was part of the punishment."

"Yes, James," Kayla replied with a smile, "a lot of boys get punished like that, for obvious reasons."

"Obvious?"

"Yes, you heard what I said. Boys need to learn to obey, and if they can't, then they need to be punished with their pants down to get the point across. Lots of boys go through that experience, you know."

"Lots?" James asked with a slight smile.

"Yes, lots, Mr. Smarty Pants. Or should I say, Mr. Smarty Panties," Kayla said, looking down at James's attire.

She reached down and took the head of his dick between her thumb and forefinger. She gave it a little pinch.

"Wanna show me how well-trained you are from being punished with your pants down?"

Kayla asked while she gave him another pinch, then another.

"Ow," James exclaimed.

"Poor baby, does that hurt?" Kayla mocked him.

She laughed as she started dancing around, reaching out to pinch him with her left hand, then her right.

"Yes, it does," James replied. "Please ..."

"Please, you said?" she asked. "Was that a please?" Kayla started pulling her dress up with one hand while using the other to pinch him and flick him with her fingers. She continued dancing around while she had her dress pulled up to reveal a tiny pair of black panties. She undulated her hips in a playful way as she kept pulling the hem of her dress higher and higher.

“What’s wrong, is this going to make your dick hurt?” she said with a laugh.

She pulled the dress up over her head, revealing that she was not wearing a bra. She dropped the dress on the floor and kept dancing. She moved toward James and placed her hands on his chest. She looked up into his eyes. She maintained eye contact as she pulled his panties down.

“Carry me to the bed and fuck me, James,” Kayla demanded.

James lifted her petite body and laid her on the bed, slipping her panties off in the process. He climbed on top of her and began to kiss her in a way that had developed as of late, which was a deliriously romantic, insatiable kiss that betrayed an unquenchable desire for her. She felt his cock harden between her legs, and though she might have stopped at this point to take advantage of the talent he possessed in his tongue, she felt impatient. She spread her thighs and compelled him to drive his cock inside of her, feeling the muscles in his body tense and thrust, fucking her in a way that was simultaneously raw and animalistic, while being deeply romantic and spectacularly satisfying.

When James was to the point that he was going to come, Kayla directed him to come inside of her. The discipline with which she regulated his orgasms meant that James would practically fill her with his come. He came to rest at last, his body shaking from the ecstasy of coming inside of her.

The next morning, Kayla woke up before James, and unintentionally woke him up by rummaging in a drawer to one side of the bed. The drawer was the lowest of a dresser Kayla had taken over when she moved in, to contain some of her own clothes.

“You don’t really even need a dresser, James, you only wear, like, the one outfit,” she had teased him at the time.

When Kayla had located the item she was searching for, she returned to the bed.

“What has you up so early?” James asked.

“It’s not that early,” Kayla protested. “You slept late. Anyway, I have a present for you, and Dahlia almost messed it up. I wanted it to be a surprise. I had to pretend that I was only just looking at cock cages, when in fact ...”

Kayla opened the package and pulled out a small, chrome metal device. It had a brass padlock. She held it in her hand, presenting it so that he may examine it.

“Is that what I think it is?” he asked.

“If you were thinking cock cage, then yes. It is,” she replied.

James noticed something unusual about its design. He examined it closer.

“Oh my God, are those—”

“Spikes?” Kayla interrupted. “Yes, they are. I want to see how well you handle having the constant threat of some vicious little spikes against your cock. I have a feeling these might inspire some really nice obedience. Plus, you know, fun. What do you think the spikes will feel like if you get hard?”

“Kayla—”

“Oh, how adorable you are with that look on your face,” she said admiringly. Her eyes scanned downward. Her hands followed. “It looks like you are going to be in trouble, James. Just imagine, getting harder and harder, with the sharp little spikes against you.” Kayla kissed him sweetly. “I know that you will obey me, my love. I just want to see you accept the challenge. Do it for me,” she said as she leaned in and kissed James.

“Yes, Kayla,” James replied. “As you wish.”

“Shower first,” Kayla said.

The shower in their apartment had a unique design, which neither of them understood the initial reason for, but for which Kayla had found a specific use. It had a tiled ledge that was sufficient in comfortably supporting Kayla’s butt, and there were two tiled places opposite the ledge on each side of the shower that she found worked perfectly as footrests. She’d always had an attraction to any sexual activity that took place within a shower, but she found that this particular design seemed made for her purposes. She could have James kneel before her and lick her pussy while she was supported in every way that she wanted to be. When Kayla said the word, ‘shower,’ she meant this precise activity.

“If you make me come, let’s say, three times, then I will suck your cock before I put the cock cage on you. That way you’ll be less likely to have an issue with having an erection while wearing it for me. Which is very sweet of me, isn’t it?”

“Yes, Kayla,” James replied. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, James,” Kayla said as she kissed him passionately.

Prologue

On a sunny Spring morning colored yellow, green, and lavender, while the last chill of Winter had been banished and the scent in the air was that of unbridled optimism, Helen Striker walked out the front door of her house and started off across the street. In her hand was a round Tupperware box. Inside the box was a cake she'd made the night before and frosted this morning with an orange zest buttercream frosting. She approached the house directly opposite hers across the street and knocked on the door. A moment later, a friendly-looking woman with long black hair and a shapely figure answered the door.

"Hello," said the woman, holding the front door open.

"Hello, I'm Helen Striker, and I live right across the street from you. I guess that we will be neighbors, since I saw the moving trucks unloading yesterday," Helen offered as a greeting.

"I brought you a cake, because who doesn't like cake?"

"Why thank you, that's so nice! I'm Deborah. Deborah Holden. Please, come in," she said as she opened the door a bit wider and stood to one side.

Helen walked into the house, a property she had been in before, but that was before the Holden family moved in. She saw what she expected to see, which was large stacks of boxes everywhere, some in various states of being unpacked.

"Sorry, we're knee-deep in the unpacking phase," Deborah apologized.

"No, of course, it's to be expected," Helen replied as Deborah accepted the box with the cake inside.

"If you'll follow me, I can put this down, and perhaps you would like a cup of coffee?" Deborah asked.

"Thank you, that would be very nice."

Helen followed Deborah into the kitchen, where a kitchen table had been set up, along with a few chairs.

"You can have a seat here," Deborah said as she placed the cake box down on the table and went to pour two cups of coffee.

Helen sat down and noticed that in the far corner of the room, which was in a space that would eventually be a dining room, there was a young man facing the corner, wearing nothing but a pair of underwear. Helen observed him for a moment. He was not moving. Deborah returned to the table with two cups of coffee on a tray that also had a decanter of cream and a bowl of sugar.

"You'll have to excuse Daniel," Deborah said, noticing the direction of Helen's gaze. "He is being punished."

"That's quite all right," Helen replied graciously. "I've seen many boys in the process of being punished. I take it he is one of yours?"

"Yes, my youngest. The other boy, Samuel, is off to college, so I have just this last one to rear."

"I have three girls at home myself," Helen explained. "Lara is the oldest, and she'll be off to college herself next year. The middle girl is Dahlia, and the youngest is Kayla."

"It sounds as though, perhaps, you are in the same situation that I am in?"

"Which is?"

"Well, there isn't a Mr. Holden in the picture anymore."

“Oh, that,” Helen laughed. “No, Mr. Striker fucked off some time ago.”

Deborah laughed so hard at Helen’s unexpected use of an expletive that she almost started a coughing fit.

“Oh my,” she said when she had recovered. “That’s a way of putting it. Apparently you have encountered the same problem as I, that there is no father around to help discipline the children.”

Helen paused for a moment.

“Perhaps not quite,” she said cautiously. “Girls generally do not need discipline, at least not the way that boys do. And certainly, I’d never have allowed Mr. Striker to raise a hand to my girls.”

Deborah tightened her lips and nodded her head, a wistful look on her face. At that moment, a kitchen timer went off, which caused the boy in the corner, Daniel, to turn and approach the kitchen table. He arrived at one side of Deborah, flashed a furtive glance at Helen, then turned around and lowered his underwear to expose a slightly reddened rear end. Deborah picked up a large wooden spoon that had been sitting on the kitchen table and delivered ten hard smacks across his bare butt. She deposited the spoon back on the table.

“Thank you,” Daniel said and went to reset the kitchen timer, then returned to the corner to stand at attention.

“I apologize for my son, his behavior is in need of correction, and he knows not to let the presence of a guest interfere with his punishment.”

“No apology is needed, Deborah,” Helen replied. “I am impressed with your method. May I ask what he is being punished for?”

“We were unloading boxes in his room, and he’d tried to hide it, but I found his collection of pornographic magazines. Apparently, he was under the impression that it was going to be acceptable behavior for him to masturbate looking at naked women in the privacy of his room. I felt it necessary to disabuse him of that notion.”

“I see. Very good,” Helen said. She took a sip of her coffee, which she felt was remarkably average. She pondered for a moment. “Darren, the father of my oldest two girls, had a similar problem. Perhaps if I had taken him in hand the way you have with your youngest, I might have saved myself a few headaches.”

Deborah laughed, finding herself in agreement with her new neighbor.

“The boys’ father could have benefitted as well,” she claimed. “It’s a shame I didn’t realize how effective corporal punishment could be in conditioning the male mind. At least I’m not making that mistake with my sons. They have been schooled in the practice of pulling their pants down for a spanking, and I’ve never been lenient with them. And please tell me if I am being nosy, but you said your two daughters? I had thought I heard you say that you have three.”

Helen tightened her lips into a grimace.

“Well, I generally don’t delve into this topic when I meet someone, but I think you might relate. My first husband had an affair with his secretary, the most offensive part of which was its lack of creativity. So, I began sleeping with a man named Raoul, who was superior to my ex-husband in every way. When I became pregnant, That effectively ended the marriage, since Darren knew that he wasn’t the father. He simply couldn’t bear the humiliation of being cuckolded, and the fact that I would openly laugh at his emasculation.

For one, I had been nothing but kind about his lack of endowment for as long as I had known him, but that ended. Raoul was magnificently well-hung, and I made sure that Darren was aware of that fact. But more importantly, he knew how to use it to satisfy me, something Darren was often incapable of doing.”

“Oh, the fragility of the male ego,” Deborah replied, shaking her head. “My ex-husband balked at the suggestion that he wear lingerie for me, because he was so afraid that it would lessen his masculinity.”

“Lingerie?” Helen asked.

“Oh,” Deborah replied, suddenly feeling awkward. “I’m sorry, it’s just that I am unaccustomed to having such a frank and open conversation. Perhaps I am over-sharing.”

“Not at all,” Helen protested. “I am genuinely curious.”

“It’s just that I’ve always had an appreciation for the way that silk looks draped across a man’s muscular body. There is something so sensual, so hedonistic about it. I mean, men don’t seem to have a problem looking at women dressed in little bits of satin and lace, their skin shaved smooth and hairless. It seems hypocritical of them to object to being seen the same way. Personally, I think the design of a pair of panties is more befitting the male body than the female.”

“Befitting?” Helen laughed. “Sorry, I am not laughing at you, I have nothing but respect for your preferences. It’s just that the operative part of the word ‘befitting’ is *fit*, which is a fairly unique take on the how a pair of panties would adorn the male body.”

“Most definitely,” Deborah agreed. “I do tend to use the word ‘fit’ to describe the way that certain pieces of lingerie do not, in fact, fit the male body. They are so much more revealing that way. I admit that there is a definite objectification going on with, as you rightly call them, my preferences.”

At this point the kitchen timer went off. Daniel immediately returned to the kitchen table to lower his underwear and await his punishment. Deborah picked up the wooden spoon, then paused as she considered an idea.

“Helen, would you mind terribly, since we were discussing the topic of male endowment, making an appraisal of Daniel? I think it might be of tremendous benefit to him.”

“No, I would not mind offering my opinion on the matter,” Helen replied.

“Daniel, before you receive your punishment, turn around so that Helen might have a look at your penis,” Deborah said.

Daniel’s face could not be seen by either of the two women at that moment, so they did not see its transformation, but when he did obey the order to turn around, they could both see the result, which was that it had turned beet red from embarrassment. He stood facing Helen, still holding his underwear down for punishment, as she examined him.

“You’ve had him circumcised, I see,” Helen noted.

“Yes, I made sure of that,” Deborah replied.

“He is average in size, perhaps smaller,” Helen judged. “But the head of his penis is well-defined, and circumference is not unreasonable. Oh, I see,” Helen said abruptly.

“Daniel!” Deborah exclaimed. “You should be ashamed of yourself for having an inappropriate erection. See, this is why boys need to be punished,” she remarked to Helen.

“Clearly, he is in need of correction,” Helen agreed. “One might think that the humiliation of being so disobedient might be a deterrent in and of itself, but it never seems to be the way with young men. They need to be assigned a painful reminder.”

"True," Deborah agreed. "Daniel, you will apologize to our guest for your shameful behavior."

"I am sorry to have embarrassed myself, and I apologize to you for having to witness my lack of self-control," Daniel replied, while looking down at the floor.

"Now turn around for your punishment," Deborah commanded.

Daniel turned to present his bare butt. Deborah pressed the wooden spoon against his cheek, then began to spank him, the implement landing firmly and swiftly twenty times in succession.

"Return to the corner," Deborah directed.

Daniel reset the kitchen timer and went to stand in the corner as before.

"I do my best, but boys are difficult to train as far as obedience and self-control are concerned," Deborah said with a sigh.

Helen was silent for a moment.

"I have an idea," she offered. "Daniel is about the same age as my oldest, Lara. Perhaps we could accomplish a number of shared goals simultaneously. I want my girls to grow up unlike the way that I did, allowing men a position of influence and power they do not deserve. It never occurred to me when I was their age that boys can absolutely be brought to heel and made to obey. I want my girls to learn this in a way that it becomes second nature, so that they don't even think about boys as anything more than silly playthings whose potential is tied directly to their willingness to become responsive and obedient to them. I want to show them that they need not seek to be worthy of a man, but rather the opposite: it is the boys' responsibility to show that they are worthy of *them*."

Helen could see by the slowly widening smile on Deborah Holden's face that she was speaking to the choir. Deborah was clearly not only amenable to what Helen was thinking, but she was one step ahead of her.

"I think it would be of tremendous value to my son if he were to be exposed to such a reality in a somewhat formalized setting," Deborah said. "I'm unsure of what you may be thinking, but perhaps he could be assigned to some type of schedule to provide service to your household, to be overseen by you, of course, but your daughter Lara as well. That way, he could not only keep his hands busy and be of use in performing household chores, but your daughters might see all of what a boy may be expected to do for them."

Helen smiled broadly in response.

"That is exactly what I was thinking. Perhaps we might start with a few hours at a time, a few days a week," she suggested.

"That sounds appropriate. I think that Daniel will benefit greatly from such an experience. Unfortunately, he will undoubtedly be in need of some level of discipline. He can be well-mannered when he is paying attention, but his mind does wander and application of the rod is necessary."

"That's to be expected. I have no qualms about dispensing punishment when and where needed," Helen replied.

Deborah had a contented look on her face.

"Unfortunately, Daniel is my youngest, so he will be unable to provide a model of behavior for your younger girls."

"I am certain that I will find a way to provide that for them. The world has no shortage of boys in need of correction," Helen said with a smile.

“How about I cut a slice of cake for both of us?” Deborah asked.

“That sounds delightful,” Helen replied. She observed Daniel standing, facing the corner, and couldn’t repress a smile thinking about the young man’s immediate future. If he’d yet to learn his place, he soon would. And her daughters would be raised to know it as well. She would see to it that they did.

